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Lè Horè di re:
creationic. or
The pleasante Historye
of ALBINO and
BELLAMA
to which is annexed.
il insonio in:
sonodado
or
the vindication of,
Poesye
by N.W.M.A.



London
Printed for
Charles Greene
1637

of il bono

A. M.

Le bore di recreatione:
OR,
THE PLEASANT
HISTORIE OF
Albino and Bellama.

Discovering the severall changes of
Fortune, in Cupids journey
to Hymens joyes.

To which is annexed,
Il Insonio Insonadado, or a sleeping-
waking Dreame, vindicating the
divine breath of Poesie from the tongue-
lashes of some Cynical Poet-quippers,
and Stoicall Philo-prosers.

By N. W. Master in Arts, of Queenes
Colledge in Cambridge.

— *Semel in anno ridaet Apollo.*

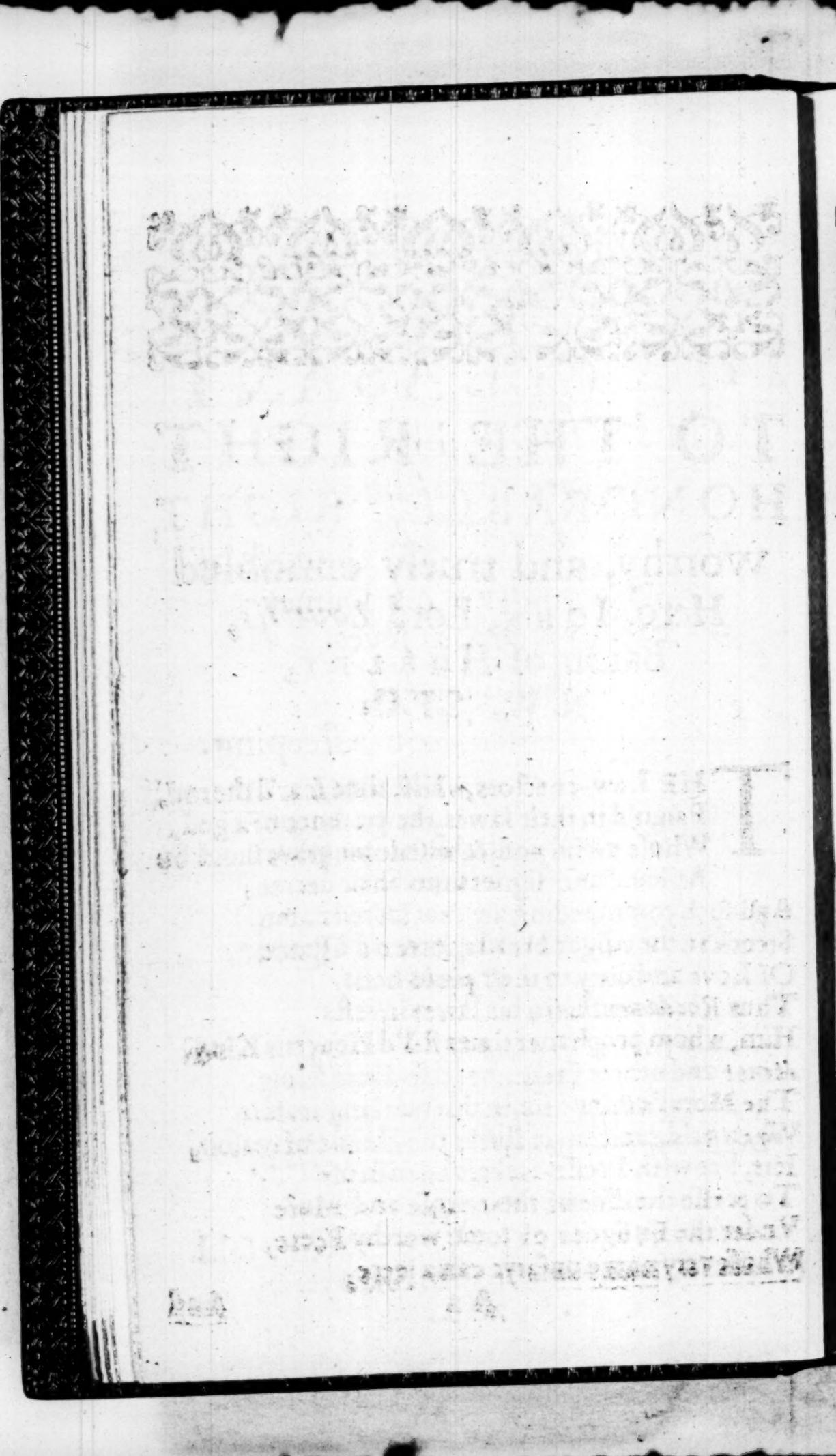
Ergo,

Nè mesmetrati Musà composta jocosa,
Delibata priùs quam sint contempta relinquas.

LONDON,

Printed by J. D. for C. G. and are to be sold
at the Princes Armes in Pauls churchyard.

1637.





TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE, RIGHT
worthy, and truely ennobled
Hero, I o h n, Lord *Loveliss*,
Baron of H U R L E Y,
N. W. [S.P.O.]

THE Law-enactors, whilst time fear'd the rod,
Faign'd in their lawes, the presence of a god,
Whose awfull nod, & wisedome grave shold be
As hand and signet unto their decree,
And such commanding aw that sacred name
Struck in the vulgar breasts, it teen'd a flame
Of Love and duty to their pious hefts.
Thus Rhadamanthus in his lawes invests
Him, whom prophane times stil'd Heavens King,
Minos and others strike the selfe-same string.
The Moral's mine : for in this quirking season
When pride and envie steere the Helme of reason,
It is, has with Preffe-taskers been in use
To preffe the issue of their prose and Muse
Under the Ensignes of some worthy Peere,
Whose very name unsayr can a jeare,

The Epistle

And lock detraction up in beds of clay
To sleepe their suns as Reare-mice doe the day.
Then doe they bravely march with honour arm'd,
Which, as the gods, the people, charmeth, charm'd,
On this knowne priveledge feete I these lines,
In which, though dimmer then your native, shines
Your worth, en-fired by my kniced quill,
Which claimes the scale not of desertes, but wil,
In your acceptance and the worlds surmisse
Then Cynicks barkē and Critokes beame your eyes.
My quill's no penfull to emblason forth
Your stainlesse honour and yore matchlesse worth,
As dust-borne flies, which 'bout the candle play
Glide throughits arch, en-circle, fan, survey,
Winke at the presence of dayes besmy blaze,
Pur on the glasse, or on hearb-pillowes laze,
Iust so my downy Musc in Distiques dare
Feete the perfection of a silklesse faire
Pumex each parr so trinaly that her foe
Sweares her cheeke's roses and her bosome snow,
Nay has strewd flowres of desertlesse prayse
T' adorne the Tombe of good Sr worthy Crayse,
Under this (ah mee) stone is laid (alas!)
A man,--a knight — the best that ever was
His prowesse war, his wisedome state did prove,
His kindnesse kindred, and the world his loye.
But when shee should with her weake feathers soare
To court a star, or with her feeble oare
Strike such a sea of worth, ride honours ring.
Shee dares not touch, or snaffle, saile or wing,
Onely as he which limb'd those teares and sighs,
Which *Iphigenias* death, from hearts and eyes
Of kindred drew, but ore her father's brow,
(Telling the world hee mourud without an how,) He

Dedicatore.

Hee drew a vaile spake sorrow in excessse,
So with a-- must my muse expresse
Your sacred worth, concluding it to bee
Too high for any Bard, if not, for mee,
Beside, the world of lase has nickname'd praise
Callsit an elbow-claw and scraping bayes,
Then pardon(Sir) this dearth, and iudge the why
Is your worth soar'd above Parnasse's eye
Let not your slights or mesio's (thogh most just)
Condemne my muse to bee en-seild with dust,
Nor let presumption h'yle to your embrace
But rather let your honour bate its place
And stoope unto my measures, since the name
Of Patron eawes oft times the breath of fame
And by this honou'r shall you ere en-gage
The knee, hand, duty, ayre and thriving age

Of your honours ever
humbly devotcd,

N. W.

A 3

To



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader: For to such I write,
With native candor view this checkred white,
Be truly candid to a candidate,
Whom importunings force to ante-date
The travails of his quill, and like a grape
Bere ripened, press it, yet if I escape
The censure of these times, this Critick age,
My Muse (like Parrots) in a myer cage
Shall not doe penance; but I'le not promise it,
Cause 't doth too much orb' lips of greatnessse stir.
And tis a fault for me to sympathize,
I bring no anticke maske in strange disguise,
No sharpe invective, nor no Comick mirth,
Which may to laughter give an easie birth.
Though tis in use with them that seeke to please
These humorous times (it being a disease
False Epidemicall, to keepe a phrase
Or phansie at staves end, nought merits prayse,
Unlesse with quibbels every staffe does end,
Conceited jests, which unto lightnesse tend)
Though every page swells with ingenuouſ plots,
Yet cry our carpes, the Authors are but sots.

To the Reader.

An Elbow-pillow or a motley coate,
With them are now the cheifest men of note,
But I, nor am, nor hope that name to gaine,
Of Pantomimick yet 'did nature daigne,
The Optick-glasse of Humours to descrye,
Each mans ranke humour onely by the eye,
I would have run'd my Muse, that every page,
Might swell with humours fusing to this age,
This leafe should talke of love, and that of stas,
This, of alarums, that of wonders prate,
This of Knights Errante, of Enchantement that,
This to the itching eares of nouels chat, (drawne
But ---- since my starv'd Fortunes mist that, I have
A picture shadowd ore with double lawne,
Left some quick Lyncist with a pearcing eye,
Should the young foot-steps of a truth espye,
Yet something I confess was borne of late,
(Which makes me age it with an ancient date,
But let no antick-hunter posse to Stow,
To trace out truth upon his even snow,
Annalls are dumbe of such and such a Lord,
Nor of our amorous paire speake halfe a word,
Monastick writs doe not Bellama lim
Nor Abbey-roules doe teeme a line of him,
This story has no syres (as 'tis the use)
But weake invention, and a feeble Muse,
These are the parents, that abortive birth
Give to this Embrion of desired mirth,
Which in the authors name, does humbly crave
A charitable censure or a grave,
The purest-boulted floore that is, has bran.
Venus her Naeue, Helen her staine, nor can,
I thinke these liners are censure-free, empalde,
By th'muses, and gainst enyves favelins mal'd,

To the Reader.

Yet where the faultes but whisper, use thy pen
With the quod non vis of the Heathen men.
And if the crimes doe in lowd Ecchoes speake
Thy spunge, but not with lasting Sarysts break
That sacred bond of friendship, for t' may bee
I may hereafter doe as much for thee,
Nor doe thou think to trample on my Muse,
Nor in thy lofty third-ayre braves accuse
My breast of faintnesse or the ballad-wine,
For know my heart is full as big as thine,
And as pure fire heates my octavo bulke
As the grand-folio, or the Rerunish butke
If but oppos'd with envye but unlesse
I truly am what these few wordes expresse,

Thy ready Freind,

N. W.

TO



TO THE RIGHT
vertuous and eqnally beautiful,
Sra Inconstanza Bellarizza.

FAIREST,
WHEN by much gazing on those glittering
beames,
Which (if unmaskt) from dayes bright Henchman
streames,
The Rascians eyes doe gaine the curse of yeares;
The Load-stones swarfe hue their tapers cleares.
When Vnicornies have gluts or surfets taine
By browsing Lycoras, they to regaine
Their stomackes, and a cure, crash bitter grasse:
I leave the application, 'tis a glasse
Wherein the dimmest eye may plainly see
What's due to me from you, to you from me.
But—I le onely tell the world, that for your sake
My willing Muse this taske did underrake
At howres of recreation, when a thought
Of your choyce worth this, and this phansie brought:
Some to the barre will call the truth hereof,
Some wonder why? some passe it by, some scoffe,
Because in this full harvest of your sex,
Amongst such thousands gleane your name t'annex.

Vato

Vnto, and usher in these wanton verses,
Some will be apt to think my pen rehearses
Love passions twixt your selfe and some choyce he,
(The world I know will not suspect tis me)
And that I age it, lest quicke eyes should see;
But in this thought I'me silent, thoughts are free.
Indeed your worth doth just proportion hold
With this high worth which of *Bellama's* told,
And well my knowledge can enforme my pen
To raise a spite in women, love in men.
And if the Fates befriend me, that my thread
Out-measures yours (your worth asleepe, not dead,
For such worth cannot dye) I then will say,
You equald her, and was — (but trath away)
If these dull melancholy, grieve, or sleepe,
From any prone thereto, at distance keepe,
Let unto you their tribute thankes be payd,
For my invention by your worth was rayd,
My phansie rais'd, enliv'ned and enspir'd,
That my quick Muse my agill hand has tir'd,
Nay more, me thinkes I might unchidden call
You, subje^t, object of this Poem all,
And all in this acknowledgement may trim,
You pres'd this Poem, but 'twas vers'd by him.

Who stiles himselfe your
servant,

N. W.

TH



THE AVTHOVR'S APOLOGIE.

SOME rigid Stoick will (I doubt not) shoote
A quipping censure at this wanton fruit,
And say, I better might have us'd my tallants,
Than t'humour Ladies, and perfumed gallants.
Know such, that pamphlets writ in meeter, in measure,
As much invention, judgement, wit, as pleasure,
All learning's not lockt up in *si's* and *tum's*.
Roses, LInkes, Violets, as well as gums,
Some native fragour have to equall Civet,
Minerva does not all her treasures rivet
Into the scrues of *Obs* and *Sols*: but we
Are sea-borne birds, and as our pedigree
Came sayling ore from *Normandie* and *Troy*,
So we must have our prettie *Ermine* joy.
One part *Italian*, and of *French* the other,
Stout *Belgia* be her Syre, and *Spaine* her mother.
So our apparell is so strange and anticke, (ticke
That our great grand-syres sure would call us fran-
And should they see us on our knees for blessing,
They'd scue aside, as frighted at our dressing,
We packe so many Nations up, that we
Weare *Spaine* in waste, and *France* below the knee.
Thus

The Apologie.

Thus are our backes affected, and indeed
Our braines doe travaie with the selfe-same meed.
Wee're Chaldees, Hebrews, Latines, Greeks, and yet
But few pure Englishmen are lapt in Iet.
We scorne our mother language, and had rather
Say *Pater noster* twice, than once *Our Father*.
This makes our Pulpits Linsey-wolsey stut,
When buskined stages in stiffe satten strut.
Nay clownes can say, this Parson knowes enough,
But that his language does his knowledge blough :
Is it not time to polish then our Welch,
When Hindes and Peasants such invectives belch ?
Then English bravely stidy, 'tis no shame
For grave Divines to win an English fame.
I've heard a worthy man approv'd for learning,
Say, that in Playes and Rithmes we may be earning
Both wit and knowledge, and that Sidney-prose
Ont-musickes Tully, if it scape the nose.
Then purg'd from gall (ingeuous friends) peruse,
And though you chide the Author, spare the Muse.

N.W.

The

The Author to his Book.

Go gall-lesse infant of my teeming Quill,
Not yet bedew'd in Syracusa's rill,
And like a forward Plover gadst abroad,
Ere shell-free, or before full age has strowd
On thy smooth backe a coate of feathers,
To arm thee 'gainst the force of weathers,
Doomd to the censure of all Ages,
Ere mal'd against the youngest rages,
Perchance some Nobles will thee view,
Smile atthee, on thee, like thee new,
But when white age has wrinkled thee,
Will slight thy meauures, laugh at mee.

At first view called pritty,
And perchance stiled witty
By some Ladies, untill thou
Wearest furrowes on thy brow.

Some plumed Gallants may
Vnclaspe thy leaves and say,
Th' art mirthful, but ere long
Give place unto a Song.

Some courteous Scholler
Purg'd from all choller,
May like, but at last,
Say thou spoylest his task,

First, Lawyers will
Commend thy skil,
Last, throw thy wit
With Trinits writ

Chamber shees
On their knees
wil thee praise,
and thy bayes,

At first,
till thirst
of newe
death you,
then all
men shal

Flee
thee.
Bee
me.

This

This is thy doome, I by prophetick spirit,
Presage will be the guerdon of my merit:
Yet be no Burre, no trencher-fye, nor hound,
To fawn on them whose tongs thy measures wound.
Nor beg those niggards eyes, who grudge to see
A watch unwinded in perusing thee.
And if state-scratchers doe condemne thy jests,
For ruffling sattens, and bespangled vestes,
Tell them they're cosend, and in vain they passe,
Thou neither aim'st at halfe-ell band or ruffe;
And if thy lines perchance some Ermins gash,
Tis not thy fault, twas no intended lash.
Thy pensill limbs Don Fucco's portraiture,
And onely dost his native worth immare
Within these tilick rindes: nor is thy rage
Against the Cowlists of this yongest age.
Thy rithmes cry Pax to all, nor dost thou scatter
Abuses on their shrines, their Saints, or water;
And if some civill Satyr lash thee backe,
Because he reads my title, sees my black,
Answer ith' Poets phrase, and tell them more,
My tale of yeares had scarce out-sum'd a score
When my young phansie these light measures meant
The Presse: but Fate since cancelld that intent,
Nor claim'd the Church as then a greater part
In me than others, bate my title Art.
But now the scene is chang'd? confess it is
Must we abjure all youth, borne, bury this?
Such closet death's desertlesse, in this glasse
Read not what now I am, but then I was:
In this reflecion may the gravest see
How true we snite, I, this, and this with mee!
These thornes pickt out, whose venome might have
A gangrene in thy Reader, struck thee dead,
Thou

Thou mayst perhaps invited be to court,
And have a brace of smiles t' approve thy sport.
Those, whose grave wisdomes, *Wise* do them entitle
(Whose learned rods lowdignorance can stifle.)
Some of times numbers on thy lines will scatter,
If not cald from thee by some higher matter,
Laugh out a rubber, like, and say 'tis good
For pleasure, youth and leisure, wholesome food!
Some jigging Silk-canary, newly bloom'd,
When he is crisped, bathed, oyld, perfum'd,
(Which till the second chime, will scarce be done)
Upon thy feet will make his chrystals run,
Commend the author, vow him service ever,
But from such things his Genius him deliver.
Some sleeked Nymphs, of countrey, citie, court,
Will, next their Dogges and Monkies, like thy sport,
Smile, and admire, and wearied will (perhaps)
Lay thee to sleepe encurtaind in their laps,
Oh happy thou! who would not wish to be
(To gaine such dainty lodging) such, or thee?
Say, to please them, the Poet undertooke
To make thee from a sheer thrive to a booke,
And if he has to beauty giv'n a gem,
He challengeth a deck of thankes from them
And if some winning creature smile on thee,
She shall his L. and his *Bellama* bee.
Betwixt eleven and one, some pro and con
Will saatch a phansie from thee, and put on
A glove or ring of thine to court his lassie, (grasse)
Twixt Tearme and Tearme, when they are turnd to
Some *Titius* will lay by his wax and bookes,
And nim a phrase to bait his amorous hookes.
But stay, I shall be chid, me thinkes I heare
Censure spread its wings to reach my care,

Tell

Tell me I am conceited: then no more,
Go take thy chance, I turne thee out oth' dore.

Mart.ad lib.suum.Epig.4.

*Ætherias lascive cupis volitare per auras,
I,fuge,sed poteras tutior esse domi.*

Mart.lib.4.

*Si vis auribus Aulicis probari
Exhortor, moneoque te libelle,
Ut docto placeas Apollinari,
Nam si pector te tenebit ore,
Nec ronchos metues maligniorum
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas
Et cum carmina floridis Camænis,
Litesque, gloriam canas poetum
Non est pollarem capit is veraris.*

To his loving friend the Author.

To laud thy Muse, or thee, to crowne with prayse,
Is but no light my Tapers to the rayes
Of gold-lockt Phæbus, since the Scheame
Of fabled truth, thy waking, seeming dreame;
Thyever-living-loving fame in Arts,
Of Arts, to us in whole and part imparts.
In Arts, thy judgement, phrase, invention,
Of Arts, thy Poets Vindication.
In mourning Elegies I admi'd thy skill,
In mirthfull Layes we now admire thy quill.
Let Albine, Bellame, by thee live in fame,
Riv'lezzo, Beldame Pazza live in shame.
Lash on and lash the vice of shaved crownes,
In thy Bardino, Nuns, and Sylvane clownes.
Giye vertue beautie, beautie desert and prayse,
And that thy Monument of Brasse shall rayse.

To the Reader.

Reader take heed, complain not of the sting,
Lest others of thy galled sores doe sing.
No faulty person, partie here is meant,
Onely the vice oth'age and place is shent.
He that expounds it of himselfe, doth show
Some guiltie fault, or vice from him doth flow,
If toucht to th'quick, conceale and them amend,
So 'gainst thee shall all scourging Satyrs end.

William Purifex Rector
Ecclesie de Markefield.

To his loving Kinsman the Authour.

When first I viewd the travails of thy quill,
I lik'd, approv'd, admir'd thy nimble skill,
In sudden raptures, phansies, judgement, phrase,
Invention, quicknesse, life, detraction, praise,
So that I favourd their conceit which faign'd
The soule to be an harmony, and raignd,
Amongst the fences with accounts and measures,
All which thy loftie Poefie en-treasures,
That quaintest warblers cannot with delight
Out-worth the Poet in his *Lyrick* height,
As those which with quick eyes where judgment sits,
Thy Vindication of Poetick wits
Doe reade, may see, whose swelling meeters teach
All Aliens such high English, that to reach
Is harder than to like, or belch forth scandals,
Witness thy journey, *Somnus*, *Morpheus*, Sandals,
The Orbs, Gods, Muses, Critickes, accusation,
The Poets names, employments, vindication,
These silenced my pen, it dar'd no more
Till voyc't by thy *Bellame* againe, her store
Of suters, one approv'd by Friends, not her
Rivelozzo's wrath (wherein most Parents erre)
Her grieve, encloystring, entertainment high,
Albino's heart and hers met in their eye,
Their whispring, dalliance, *Piazzella's* care,
Bardino's falsehood, their affections rare,

Her

Her dis-enclaystring: and his Nunning plot,
The Nuns thick bellies, his repentant grot,
His freedome, flight, encountering with his Saint,
His conjuration, prodegies, and plaint,
The Sheepheād lout, *Bellama*'s second quest,
His Ghosting, comming from th' *Elizian* rest.
Their parles, his dis-enghosting, her denyals,
His rage, her kindnſſe, both their loves and trials,
Conrades immuring, Piazzlla's fury,
His freedome, *Foppo*, and his Monkish Iury,
The Lovers Ale-house cheare, bed, course apparell,
The Monks strict quest, their finding, mirth & quarrel,
Their ſcape, feare, Raddle, kinsman, and at length
Their nuptiall Tede, when malice lost its strength.
How thou haſt ſhown (deare cooz) thy Art in Arts,
Let them expreſſe who bragge of abler parts
Than I, which haue a bigger part in thee,
Thy leye, and blood, till Being ceaſe to be.

JOHN WHITING:
Master of Artes,
Clare-Hall, Camb.

Amico

Amico suo charissimo N. W. hujus
Poematis authori Collegii Regnalis
Can: a. in artibus magistro.

PAN petat Arcadiam Druides effundite cantus,
Et juvenes flores spargite, Bardus adest.
Tu qui struxisti memoranda Trophaea Poeji,
Dicere multa tibi nescio, nolo nihil
Vota, preces, calamus, cor, carmen, singula laudes,
Ultro per dignas, concelebrare student.
An decus irgenium, tua laus, tua facta peribunt.
Dignum laude virum musa perire vetat
Corpo defuncto te candida musa sequetur,
Admiratur opas, primitiasque tuas
Fata precor, faustæ plementa tua flamina vita,
Ut scribas operâ plurima digna iuâ.

JACOBUS BERNARD sacrosancte
& individus Trinitatis Collegii
in artibus magister.

In Authorem, amicissimum suum,
Encomiasticon.

THE priviledge that pen and paper finde
'Mongst men, falls short, reflecting to the minde:
Vertue herfelfe, no other worth displayes,
Than eankred censure, leaves behinde, as rayes.
But mentall Cabonets, are they, that yeild
No forfiture to battring Critickes shield:
If thoughts might character deserts, I dare
Challenge my pensill for the largest share:
But when the Vultures of our age must gnaw,
Ile cease for modestie, and say, tis law.
It's safer farre, to faile of deht, than t'be
Soaring in tearmes that badge of flattery.
I hate the name, and therefore freely give
My verdict thus, as may have power to live
'Gainst calumnie. If wit and learning may
Passe with applause, the authour hath the day.
Crown'd be those browes with everlasting Bayes,
Whose worth a paterne is to future dayes.
Tis not a Poem dropt from strength of grape,
That's debtor to the wines inspiring sap,
He to himselfe alone. Cease urging, earth,
The father well deserve, so faire a birth.
And if a witnesse may be lawfull, then
Ile undertak't shall feare no vote of men.
But where-in Art is bold it selfe to glory
Is that which crownes the verge of *Whiting's* story.

Io. Rosse.

THE SILENCE OF THE WORMES

To his friend, a Panagericke
upon his lovers *Albino*
and *Bellama.*

Though I have vowd a silence, and as yet
Resolved not to travell out in jct,
Chiefly in Print, yet your intending presse
Makes me, my thoughts with courage, language, dresse
With smooth straind meeter, that the world may
My strict engagements, & how much I owe (knew
To you, your worth, which may command a line,
From him which swears gainst all, but what's divine,
The higaesse of your file, the quicknesse, life,
Will in judicious readers raise a strife,
(More than the Ball amongst th'engoddest three)
Which gaines, the best, but all are best by mee,
Matchlesse in my conceit: addē then to these
The neatnesse of your plots, and sware a please
To the grim Stoick, and the Satyr'd brow
Forceth delight, through strictnesse, neatnesse, vow,
Grow abler still in phansie, impe thy quill,
Write any thing, if something, feare not ill,
If poesie be thus revenged by thy dreame,
How will it flourish when'ts thy morning theame?
Sleeping or waking, let us have thy quill,
And sleepe and Vigils shall admire thy skill.

J. Pickering,

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Imprimatur.

Sa. Baker.

June 22. 1637.

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THE PLEASING HISTORY OF ALBINO AND BELLAMA.

Ahen British Isles begirt with moistned sand,
Neptunes blew pallace, & the Tritons walk,
Albania hight, her name who first did land
Of all the Sisters, or from rocks of chalke;
From sad oppression had unyoakt their necks,
And payd obedience unto *Adell's* beckes.

Then in those *Halcyon* dayes of peace and joy,
A vertuous Lady most transcendent creature,
Fairer then her whose beautie tyndar'd *Troy* ;
Grace deckt her minde, her mind grace her feature,
So that each part made *Helen* out of date,
And every grace a goddessesse could create.

Vertue and beautie both in her did strive
Which should in worth and grace surpass the other,
Nor age of consistency, both did thrive
Till this *Dian'* out-rayde, that *Cupids* mother.
Nay men by beames of her cleare beautie might
Scale *Titans* Chariot, and onc-ray bis light.

B.

'Mongst

The pleasing Historie

Mongst Natures precious things we finde a jem,
 Blashed and purpled ore with Amathisles,
 Which fiery Carbuncles with sparkles hem,
 And which the Emrauldes purest vert entwists,
 Meeting so well that Lapidaries wist,
 'Twas Emraulde, Carbuncle and Amathist.

So in this precious Payre, pure Agathite,
 Aurora's purpling blush was clearly seene,
 Saba's bright Rose, and Leda's Swan-like white,
 The true proportion of Adonis Queene.
 Blended so well, that in this curious frame,
 Aurora, Saba, Leda, Venus came.

And as the hony-making waxen thigh'de
 Inhabitants of Hyblaes fragrant vales,
 Whom onely Natures dimme instinct does guide,
 Chuse their commaader with their tunefull hailes
 Pay homage, honour him, and feare his frownes
 With same observance, as the people, Cownes.

So by the same instinct the blushing Rose,
 Vail'd bonnet to her cheeke admires red,
 The Lillyes to her bosome, brow and nose,
 The Pheonix stript her selfe to Crowne her head:
 The chirping Choristers with willing choyce,
 Sat silent to admire her warbling voyce.

Perfum'd Arabia with her Spice and Gummes,
 Payde homage to the odours of her lips;
 To her with fawning postures, lickes and hummes
 The yellow Lyon and the Tyget skips:
 Fire dares not scorch her face, nor winter chill her
 And death himself lookt pale whē cald to kill her

of Albino and Bellama.

3

The amorous Sunne if shee walke out by day
Would veine his jennets to behold her face,
And wrapt in admiration, by his stay
Had rather melt the Orbes than mend his pace ;
And if the middle Ayre in walles of jec
Enjoyde his beames, hee thawed into wet.

If in the raigne of silent night, abroade
Shee rang'd, the Empresse of the lowest Spheare
Amaz'd at her perfections, left her roade,
And rang'd about, where shee appear'd i' appeare.
Nay mournd in darknesse if denide her sight,
As when dayes Hanchman does deny her light.

The curled tapers of the Firmament
Did cease to twinke, but gaz'd with fixed eyes,
In their owne Orbe refusing to be pent,
And strove to leape upon the lower skies :
Nay did oth' second Ayre like Comets hang
To dart their crispe at beauties onely spang.

The Sea-borne Planet popped out her Lampe,
And i' see her selfe ouer-thind by her, did rage,
The marching War-god did remoove his campe,
With faire Lady Curtaine warre to wage :
Hermes by. Jove being of an errand sent,
Stay'd on her face, in her embraces pent.

Dull-aged *Saturne* (on whose sullen brow
Nere dwelt a Smile since *Love* usurpt his Crowne)
To gaze on her his waightie head did bow,
And with a smile un-plaisted every frown ;
Nay *Love* himselfe descended from his chayre
To take a full survay of this—this fayre.

B 2

And

And more her winning looks disperec'd such charmes
 All eyes commanding, and all hearts surprizing,
 That *Venus* bad her Sonne provide him armes,
 Fearing his setting by this bright Starres rising:

For though men say loues eyes are more then dim
 Yet her faire beautie did enlighten him.

But with entreaties he had beate the Ayre,
 And on the Tawney-moore his waters cast;
 For having pow're to conquer, being faire,
 Shad pow're not to be conquerd, being chaste:
 So that this amorous sleights and winged arrow
 Could not have op't her breast; o· peirc'd her mar-

(row.

This Phœnix was *Bellama* call'd (a wold
 Well suiting her deserts) shee daughter was
 And heire apparent to a wealthy Lord,
 Who had more acres, then an acre, gracie:
 He lou'd his lands, and hugd his minted treasure,
 Yet his *Bellama* was his soule of pleasure,

His place of residence was in a Chace (oakes,
 Checkquerd with thick-grown thornes and sturdy
 Wherein majestick Stags and Buckes did pace
 That scornd the hounds, & dard the barbed stroakes;
 'T was called *Rivelount*, not distant far
 From *Stanley*, of that shire, the metro-Star.

(thunder,

The neighbouring swaines were pauld with coaches
 And loud curvairings of their foaming Steeds,
 Whose irond hoofes did crash the rockes in suader,
 Happie was he, who (sheath'd in costly weeds)
 Could win admission to this happie place,
 Where Natures wealth was lockt up in a face.

Each

of Albino and Bellama.

5

Each glance shee sent the object did engem,
And he that wan a smile possesst a mine,
A haire was prized at a Diadem,
A ribban made the treade the ecliptick line;
A ring out-face a thunder, but a kisse
Was the elixar, heart and soule of blisse.

Some, of their lands, some, of their valours spoke,
Some, of their Falcons and their merry helts ;
Some, reade the price of such a suite and cloake,
And one of hounds and running horses tellts ;
All speake of something, yet but few with wit,
All aim'd at wise, yet few could purchase it.

Some spake in oathes, as if they thought the earth
Was peopled ore with faithlesse infidells,
Another swore, because he feard a dearth
Of other Language, yet in oathes excells :
All sweare enough, and he that did it least
Might be grand sweater at Ven-Bacchus feast.

Others there were that could not bigly prate,
Who did their evidences bring with them ;
One brought his halls to plead, one his estate,
This brought a Watch to court and that a Gem ;
One brought a large descent white and blacke,
Which derived from old Pergams Sack.

One brought a reverent Syre, whom he cald Father,
To be the tongue of his reserved Sonne ;
Others with much expence of wax did gather
Some printed Rimes to speak when they were gone :
All had their speakers wth unclasp'd their graces,
Yet their court-language dwelt on plait & places.

B 3

Onc

One of these Suters was approov'de to be
 A match whose thousands æqui-ballanc'd hers,
 The parents oft would say, this shall be he,
 The mother then a bill of loue prefers.

But still *Bellama* faults, and vowes, that gold
 Shall never force her loue to have and hold.

The testy Father with a furrow'd brow
 Comes to *Bellama* with demanding why ?
 Sayes mine owne girle thou must be ruled now,
 Each tener payes duty to *Don Fuco*'s eye: / treasures
 And age well knowes Bear-mannours, lands and
 Doe cement lovers hearts, & injoy their pleasures.

Thou must not Wench be coy, alas ! we finde
 Beautie as easily bought when money bids,
 (Though 't be ith' Non-such of the female kinde,
 As Horse or Cow, the Lambe, or frisking Kids:
 If he be rich, we beare his witlesse brags,
 A wealthy foole's more worth then witty rags.

Bellama with a looke fraught with disdaine,
 (Though hatred did not make her anger bold)
 Sayes Sir, I'me sorry you doe entertaine
 Such high conceits of folly hemde with gold :
 Thinke you no marriage good if equall lands
 Be not match-makers and doe joyne their hands.

Don Fuco has ten thousand pounds a yeare,
 With weightie titles would oreloade a Mule,
 A piece of Arras finely wrought and deare ;
 But does he square his life to vertu's rule ?
 With vice, as wealth to counr-less sums he thrives
 But is, in vertue, full as poore, as wiues.

Of Albino and Bellama.

7

He knowes to steere an horse, and helioe hounds,
But not to guide his actions, lesse his tongue :
He speakes in state, but ev'ry sentence sounds
Of Comick fragments, or some Taverne song.
And shall I him, hail'd by unworthy pelfe,
Take to rule me, who cannot rule himselfe?

Shall I see other female vessels thrive
With mine owne Nectar, and they fee'd with mony,
Whilst I, like carefull Bee, doe keepe my hive,
And work the combe for them to suck the hony?
No, I'le no sharers have in my delight,
I'le have it one, and onely, else good night.

'Tis a fine thing to see a Satten paint
That feares to loose her beauty in a pressle,
That onely cares to be precisely quaint,
And spends a twelve-months pleasure on a dressel:
To see this stroke his honour, and he clip her,
Span eu'ry part, and unresisted lip her,

But I doe not in a rank humour raise
'Gainst sober purples, and discreeter robes,
Nor lock up vertues in the paper-jayle (globes,
With Ink-hornes, Pens, Sphears, Globes and Albo-
Religion on my heart does love en-neale
To those bright Tapers of our Common-weale.

Yet where, in stead of state, proud lookes do dwell,
Where wit and wisedome are unlockt with oathes,
Courte-skip and comelinesse are in the shelt,
And honour onely sits upon the cloathes.
Pardon, if unto such I plait my brow,
And steere my thought unto a virgine-vow.

Fye, sayes the father, you'r a foolish girle,
 Gaineſt Ermins with that heightned ſpleen to raile,
 Dofthink there's vice and folly in an Earle ?
 Then vertue ſure does penance in the jayle.
 To kiffe and ſport with us is held no ſin,
 If that our dalliance doe not paſſe the ſkin.

Perchance 'tis not a point of ſtate to have
 To large a ſtock of wiſedome in thiſage,
 The Epithete to greatneſſe is not grave;
 Thoſe that the Muses in their celles incage,
 Let them ſpeak oyle and civet: but we are Lords
 Can ſpeak by ſigues, and not expreſt by words.

Wherefore doe we to ſable give the roome,
 And greater numbers farre of Adels ſtampes,
 Then to our Stewart, or our Ladies groome,
 'Cause with reprooſes he our choice pleaſures dampes?
 No, cauſe in dedicaſions he ſhould name us,
 And by ſome witty pamphlet make us famous.

Our morall vertues are no guiding rule
 To high Nobility, or looking glaſſe,
 No more then t'earth the *ne plus ultra*'s Thule,
 As 'fore *America* was found, it was.
 Tis fit for thoſe, whose boſome-frienſ are liſe,
 To know the paine, not ſweet delights of vice.

Dofth see you're tender webs *Arachne* spins,
 Through which with eaſe the luſty Bumbleſ break,
 But to the feeble gnats that mesh their gins,
 So thoſe ſage precepts which our Sophies ſpeake,
 Fetter the paſſions of each worthleſſe ſlave;
 But over us no ſovereigne awe they have.

of Albino and Bellamo.

9

My Lord, the name of Father strikes, quoth she,
An awfull dread, and makes my eare obey,
Yet slip my duty downe unto the knee,
And in my silent thoughts, check, chide, and say,
Can they that taste forbidden waters, thrive?
My chaste demeanour I will ne're survive.

T'avoid the doom of — therfore I'le make choyce,
Of one, whose vertue outs all love to vice,
Not those steeke skins which am'rous are in voyce,
Lip-love, which as soone borne, dies in a trice.
Our loves reciprocall shall be still dust,
Which into exile packes unlawfull lust.

As they discourtst, *Don Fucco* entred in,
With stately garbes befitting such an one,
His body shelled in a Satten skin
Of azure dye, bestar'd with Topaz stome,
A milke white Bever, with an Ostrich plume,
His very rowels spake a lowd perfume.

Having compos'd his hinged lookes, he glanc'd
With piercing eyes upon her curious face,
And steeping sighes in teares and sweat, advanc'd
Himselfe to plead with courtly garb and grace.
But *Fucco's* lead by most mimetick Apes,
Could not depinge *Don Fucco's* antick shapes.

Such were the postures of his hands and eye,
That had he treasur'd up his mirthfull tones,
They were ingredients for a Comedy,
Would into laughter change a widowes grones:
And since that time (*Bellamo* smil'd so then)
Love in her dimpled cheekes has found a den.

F. S.

Madam,

Madam, sayes he, be pleas'd to trutinate,
And wisely weigh your servants gracefull voyce,
Give due attendance to the ayres of state,
I have engraven you *Don Fucco's* choyce.

Give free assent, and let the scornfull no
Be quite expunged from the Chrifte.crosse row.

Alas, I'me not beholding unto letters,
Wherewith our Rabbies stuffe their swelling books,
I have a way of complementing better,
To win thy love with co.nely garbes and lockes.
And if these faine, the name of *Countesse* will
Speake with a power above the *Sidney*-skill.

I hate long-winded sentences, which doe
Vnbreath a man, and hazard much his bellowes,
Or pocket-flashes, which instant to woe,
The onely vertues of some Ink-horne fellowes.
I scorn their trothes, indods, their ifs or ands.
Or their O Lord sir, when their wit's oth' sандs.

A fluent Rascall that can speake in oyle,
And cloath his words with silken eloquence,
I know may give a virgine strength the foyle.
But a blunt Earle, that scarcely speaks in scnce,
Whom thousands honour with the cap and leg,
Beates downe a Fortresse like a Roaring Mrg.

He needs no *Roscian* language, but does send
His velvet-coated Herald to proclaim
The noble Titles which his worth attend:
For honour is th'ambitious Ladies aime.
Feature and spiced words but lead the Van,
Honour the Front, the Noble is the Man.

of Albino and Bellama.

11

My Lord, fayes she, your valour I approve,
That with three Selves thus warranteth your suit,
With else conceit, selfe-confidence, Selfe-love,
Such trees will beare your Lordship glorious fruit,
It well befits your greatnessse not to think,
There can denyals dwell in aire or inke.

Your trencher clokes, and your Recognition,
Your coate of Armes with noble Ermines dight,
Your Russian Satten, with the cut of France,
Your talking rowels, and your feathred white,
Are battering rams & gons, that spe kin thunder,
To crack a breast, and split a heart inunder.

And, troth, my Lord, had I but wit enough,
T'assit your Lordship in your nuptiall tede,
Your Lordship shold not play at blind mans blouge,
(Else heavens shold renounce their Ganimede)
For they that purblinde are, may plainly see,
You grossly hoodwinkt are in courting me.

The faults of state I cannot Vertues name,
And beare my selfe upon the wings of pride,
Nor light my Taper at anothers flame,
Or use the Art at beauties eventide.

I Brooke not dalliance, or the *Venus* kisse,
That way of am'rousnesse, or that, or this.

The pleasing Historie

I cannot seale a welcome with an oath,
To those whose absence I had rather have,
Nor venture hundreds at that paper-sloath
Of Mistresse Isbel and the Pennell-knave.

I know no masking postures, nor with grace,
Can treade the *Brawles*, or true *Currantoe* pace.

I cannot at the feast of ryot sit,
When sea, land, aire, are served up in plate,
Nor like *Tripherus*, with a carving wit,
Read precepts this and this to disflete,
Nor in deare *Murria* charged to the brim,
Health it about untill our mullets swim.

I do not love to have my husband be
Discreet by *Pioxe'e's*, by his Chaplaines wise,
Nor doe I like the too much cringing knee,
Whose formall bends his black conceits disgnise.
Those fawning sharkes I cannot call to table,
Which into *Ermins* change your Lordships sable.

To have may isher presse his masters saddle,
In my opinion cannot passe for good,
I doe not love to have my pillow addle,
Mean while my woman lets your Lordship blood.

I am no *Androgynie*, nor doe delight
To diet Pages, or your *Catamit*.

Madam, what passion does untune your mind?
What fiend (sayes he) in you thus rails on greatness?
Who viceth honour, lyes; and he is blinde (nesse).
That saycs Court-sartens are not trimd with neat.
Speak thenin Balmes, forget the peevish, why?
And so the *Wilt thou have this?* — answer I.

No,

No, no, sayes she, yet might I know your Saint,
If my endevours can advantage you,
With your endowments I would her acquaint,
And limbe your rare perfections in her view.

In this one act I may my selfe approve
More loving, then in entertaining love.

I'le say with what dexteritie you can
Run o're the postures of the court-salute,
How trimly you can kisse a Ladies Fan,
And neatly manage an embroydred sute.

How finely Spanish leg-shells you can plaite,
And tune your rowels at the court retraite.

I might say you are witty, if't be true,
That jests and gingles are in brother-hood,
Ile speak your skill in Hawkes, at flight in mae,
And at all hunting ceremonies good:

How gracefullly you wave your gallant plumes,
And deeply are engag'd to deep perfumes.

How kind you are unto our chamber-shees,
How to our Marmosets and trencher-pages,
How eylie-finger'd unto supple knees,
How faine to th'mufick of our wyer cages.

How quaintly you supply the Vshers roome,
How sweetly you can act the privy-groome.

Much more in blazoning your matchlesse worth,
And counting all your specials, might I say
But nature ne're a second did bring forth,
Which to such known perfections can say nay.

Ile cease to praise them, lest my praises make
Your veins of pride with selfe-conceit to ake.

I will

I will performe what I have promis'd, Sir,
 Please you t' impart your Lady to my maid,
 I see my words your liver-wort does stir
 Into your face, which in your channels straide.

No more of trouble then, my Lord adiew.

This courious doore divorceth me and you.

Away flings she, and leaves my Lord alone,
 More pen sive then a widow, which bedewes
 Her husbands corps with teares, a womans moane,
 Or then the Lupa of diseased stewes.

So that who saw his jigging head wþould sweare,
 Wisedome nor wit did ne're inhabite there.

Don Rivelez sent a smiling glance,
 That they might his consent read in his eye;
 But seeing *Fuce* in a stupid trance,
 He was possest with equall phrenetzy,

The mother came to th' rescue, and well nigh
 Sent her own wit to boare theirs company.

Faine would he tell the cause of his disasters,
 And eagerly her parents strove to knowit,
 Yet strangely them this passion over-masters,
 That neither they could aske, nor he could showit,
 As though an Incubus with vaprous throngs,
 Enclaspt their bosomes, and un-voyc'd their
 (tongues,

At length *Don Fuce* cry'd, *Bellama* cruel,
 What evill planet revell'd at thy birth,
 Or what incensed god provided fuel
 To make me feele hells tortures upon earth?
 Was there no way to punish me for sin,
 But by a maid? No, there our woes begin.

When

of Albino and Bellama.

15

When I with admiration view'd her face,
I boldly durst give any tongue the lye,
That dar'd to say, with such supernall grace
There dwelt one Atom of this tyranny.

But — if that virgines Hieroglyphicks be
Of love and mildnesse, take them all for me.

I'le make a casement with this steely blade,
In my full breast, through which my soule shal peep,
And make my heart in sanguine liquor wade,
And intrals all in juycē of liver steepe.

Nay, straight-way give hells Ferry-man his pay,
For wafting me o're black *Cocytus* Bay.

Or unto *Proserpine* I'le post a sprite,
To fetch m' a cup of moist oblivion,
Wherewith the Fairy Queene exiled quite
Fury from her stout knight, and *Oberon*,
That I not onely may forget disgrace,
But quite forget I ever saw her face.

Let not, sayes *Rineley*, a peevish girle,
Hang fetters on your heart, un tune your soule:
Dwels there not courage with a worthy Earle,
Blinde *Cupids* bow and quiver to controule.

My Lord, take heed, the squinting boy works trea-
By passions to divest your soule of reason. (son,

He by his flye insinuations oft
A good opinion in the heart doth win,
The most obdurate are by him made soft,
And homage pay to Love their soveraigne sin,
Fire's sin, nor hurts the Flint, but *Cupid* can
With flames to cinders waste the Flinty man.

A wily fisher-man hath store of baites,
 Wherewith for Amorists he wisely angles,
 With glittering pompe he for th'ambitions waites,
 The greedy Carle with silver twists entangles:
 The silke-lassevious with a wanton eyc,
 The austere Stoick with a modest Fyc.

The studious Templant he with Ergo calles,
 The grave precision with a matrone g. a. e,
 The vertuous minde with vertue he enthrailles,
 A landed heire with a blusht-lilly face.

For Epicurean love he wisely trowles,
 With spiced rarities and frothing bowles.

The crossie-adorers he with crossing catches,
 Yet strange it is that crossing should joyne hands,
 But to Sir Love-all, all are equall matches,
 Grace, beauty, feature, honour, virtue, lands,
 This has a dainty hand; that, lip, or eye,
 This chaste, that seeming, that will not deny.

None are love-free, unlesse uncapable
 Of those choyce blessings Venus sole-sonne proffers,
 None, whom age, fortune, nature does enable
 With peevish noes, neglegeth Hymens offers.
 All are inclin'd to love, and all must bow,
 If Cupids arrow doe but write, Love thou.

Invest your noble thoughts with courage, Don,
 Let reason, maugre love, triumphant ride,
 Millions of Ladies breath in Albion,
 Have more Rose-lillies, and lesse store of pride.
 Ile warrant, though Bellama now say noe,
 Shee'l finde ere long, denyall was her fe.

Hab!

of Albino and Bellama.

17

Hah ! quoth *Don Fuco*, with a far-fetcht sigh,
Which all that time was drencht o're-head in griesē,
Am I to black *Cocytus* yet drawne nigh ?
Where are th' *Eliyan* shades, thou torred thief?

Call *Rhadamanthus* forth, justice Ile have,
Or in his breast my steele shall dig a grave.

Call forth the *Furies* with their snakie haires,
Pale-cheekt *Erynnis*, and her sister *Hagges*,
Tell *Nemesis* Ile fetch her downe the staires,
And try what truth dwels in her wrathfull bragges.
Dispoyson Vipers, Toades, and crawling Adders,
And with their venom stretch her spacious blad-
ders.

Bid *Cerberus* helch from his triple jawes,
A barking thunder which the earth may shake :
Ile fetch the Dragons and the Scorpion's pawes
From the full Zodiaque, her face to rake.

Come forth *Demagoras*, thy cunning try,
To masquc all beauty with a leprosie.

We will no more our Lilly-stems transplant,
And set our Roses on their cheeke and lippes,
Their farnette shall not hence surpassē the *Ante*,
Their crymson dye, the brick or writhled hips.

Beauty shall be exilde, despight shall end her,
Or else wee'l change her to another gender.

The *Thracian* Harper was a silly Asse,
That for his wife past through the *Stygian* stench.
The *Club-mans* foolerie did his surpasse,
That spun and carded for a *Lidian* wench. (strumpet,
The *Greekes* were fooles, that for a light-skirt
Chang'd the stil vial to a lowd-mouthd trumpet,

Ioves

Ioves Black-smith was no privie Counseller,
 To mary *Venus* for the sore-head Hagge,
 The jolly Huntsman sure did something erre,
 To see a goddesse, and become a stagge.

Iove was no golden showre, sure 'twas a gull,
 Nor e're transform'd himselfe into a Bull.

Peace good my Lord, *Don Rivelez* says,
 What uncoth passion doth your *Toule* en-trance,
 Your words are like the *Bacchanalian* layes,
 Wherewith the Priests their god of wine enhance.
 What, man, though this fond she from you did start,
 Another I say, *My Lord*, with all my heart.

Observe the practise of Doves masculine,
 Which woo their females, with *I come to woe*,
 Not in a fit of woman cry and whine,
 Straight to another haste, ifshe sayes noe.

If to one face, our stock of love we ope,
 We pinion *Cupids* wings, and fetter hope.

Bellama slights; what then? shall we conclude,
 All women will deny you their assent?
 A strange induction; Call all Ladies lewd:
 'Cause *Flora* and some few to *Venice* went
 Amongst a thousand maids, theres scarcely two,
 As coy *Bellama* now hath done, will doe.

Wherfore created were those glorious lights,
 Which in the azure firmament appeare?
 Why was dayes Charrioter with lustre dight?
 Onely to guild with rayes his proper Spheare?
 No, to lend brightness to the borrowing lampes,
 And cleare the earth from nights obscuring damps.

Why

Why has Dame Nature so much brightnesse lent
To Diamonds, Topazes, and other gems?
Onely t'enrich themselves? no, to augment
The glory of our rings and Diadems,
The Ostridge for himselfe weares not his plumes,
Nor for's owne nose the Civet Cat perfumes.

So on our sprucest Ladies, matchlesse graces
Were not bestowed, to delight themselves.
Pandora was not treasur'd up in faces,
To bring content unto possessing elves.
But 'cause our Hero's should the comfort finde
Of winning beauty and a willing minde.

The maid of Babylon, I know, was faire,
And rich in all the lineaments of beauty;
Yet was she kinde, which did not them empaire,
But shewd to Natures hestes her forward duty:
For Natures bountie best requited is,
By yeelding free assent to Hymens blisse.

The Queen of Carthage deare respects bestowd
Upon the straggling Prince of ruin'd Troy.
Choyce love unto Leander, Hero showd:
The Cyprian goddesse woo'd her sappey boy.
All fraught with pitty, but that peevish girle,
Bocht whose sleek wattle hels vipers winde & twirle.

Nor such examples wants our latest age,
Of virgine-lovers these to parallel
Who, ev'ry way, those former equipage,
With whom records and moderne pamphlets swell.
Then courage Don, feare not to finde a face,
That hath more pitty, and more lovely grace.

Much

Much ease (quoth Fuco) to my love-sick heart,
 My Lord, is by your sage advisement brought,
 For I suppos'd, th' *Idalian* yonkers dart,
 Had festred so, no easement could be bought:

I on her lookt through such a pleasing glasse,
 As though that sex in her contracted was.

I thought r' have sent my Physick Doctor forth
 Vnto his Herball, to addresse my ill,
 T'ask *Æsculapius* for some earth-horne worth,
 Which might accomplish my intended will.

But that tis sayd, *Apollo* once complain'd,
 No hearb to cure loves fevers could be gained.

Whilst an opinion of her matchlesse grace,
 Scorched my bosome with affections gleamies,
 Mine eyes ne're straggled to another face,
 Nor could I bathe my thoughts in *Lethes* streames;
 But now Ile sound retrait, reclaine my minde,
 Not catch a falling staire, nor graspe the windē.

This said, with sparkling sack he wash'd the lane,
 Which to the Limbeck of his body leades,
 Health to *Bellamys*, and a health againe,
 Till where his feet, his winged Bever treads,
 So well he took his sack without a rost,
 That stead of kissing her, he kist the post.

Dispassiōnd quite as in a breathlesse calme,
 Don Rivelezzo bids Don Fuco view,
 But hooted lowdly like a shrill-ton'd shalme,
 When his swift steed tooke farewell of his view.

Accursing Fate, and railing on his daughter,
 Which might beget in *Heraclitus* laughter.

Havc

Have I (saves he) such *Craffian* heapes of gold,
Condemn'd to sleepe in iron-ribbed chests?
Did I delight in vestments course and old,
Wherein *Anthropophages* have dug them nests?

Nay, wisht there were no taverne-juyce, or sports,
Or change of fashions, but in Princes Courts?

Have I satte brooding o're my treasur'd plate,
And sum'd the surplasage of each yeares rent,
Confin'd my spendings to a weekly rate,
Enjoynd a penance when th' allowance spent?

And when an Earle tun'd every grace to win her,
She slightis his vowes, nor gales nor gold can pin
(her.)

But since she slightis my matches, I will match her,
She shall of peevishnesse the harvest reape,
Since this Dons matchlesse fortunes could not catch
I shall ere long make her affections cheap. (her.)

Her love shall stoope to court a commen Farme,
A Lordship then shall scorne to feld an arme.

My Lord, her mother Lady Ardasayd,
A parents ire ought not to force assent,
Wealth blend with vice can ne're disheart a maide,
To whom blest vertue is the choyce content.
There's other things doe maids affections stirre,
Beside a Mannour, and a *Please you Sir.*

Madame (quoth he) in vaine you doe excuse
Your daughters folly with your friendly aire,
The next I offer she shall not refuse.

Sirrah, goe harnesse straight my wheeling chaire:
I lettry if lesse content and pleasure dwells
In Princes courts, then in Monastick cells.

When

When he was coach'd, the Lady *Arda* went
 To faire *Bellam'*, bedew'd with streaming teares,
 The gods, sayd she, have ravel'd thy content,
 Sorrowes uncomfor't will thy virgine yeares :

For unto *Darwey* does thy father haste,
 Where he will vow thee everlasting chaste.

Madam, sayes she, I feed on nought but gall,
 Aloes and Rue, 'cause of my fathers wrath,
 Th' occasion though of h is displeasure, shall
 With Bayes, in stead of Cypressse, strew my path.

When vertue seales the contract, welcome *Hymen*,
 But till that, ever shall my heart deny men.

Thus sate they parling : Lady *Arda* urg'd
 Producing reasons to enforce assent :
Bellima answer'd, beg'd, excus'd, and purg'd
 Herselfe from blame, by urging love, content.

But urging and excusing, let them sit,
 And see the father champing on the bit.

Who comming to the cage of virgine-pride,
 Kaockt at the wicket with the iron crow,
 To whose small neck white phillets nere were tyde,
 Which in more ancient dayes did child-bed shew.

He rapt so hard, the sound did fright the aire,
 Yet still none came, none was not lockt in prayer.

At length the Janitor, of stature large,
 With Crozier staffe, girt in a haire-cloath Frock,
 Whose meagre looks did call for Charons Barge,
 And all whose body was a saplesse stock,

Came, and with churlish voyce, demanded who
 With such shrill holl's rejoyc't their civill croe ?

Friend

of Albino and Bellama. 123

Friend, sayes my Lord, my errand wings my speed,
Speakes high importance with the Prioresse:
Thou in these Angell-lookes my haste mayst read;
Helsē me to th' presence of the Abbateſſe.

The Porters heart ſoone ſtept into his eye,
Tuning his language to a quick reply.

My Lord, ſayes he, obedience is my duty,
Whilſt your commands ſpeak in ſo high a tone,
Yet leſt your ſmooth chind youths lay ſiege to beauty,
Your Lordship ſpight of ſtate muſt walk alone.

I am an Eunuch, elſe in vaine I vow'd,
I had miſtook my pillow in a crowd.

Him he conduced to the Kitchin, where
Store of Anatomies imploied was;
Some did the candle-stickes, ſome lavers cleare,
Some ſcoured pewter, ſome reburniſht brasie,
Don askes the cauſe: the Porter him acquaints,
'Twas againſt a Feaſt of high account, *All-Saints*.

Within the Hall, a yonger ſort of Girles,
Yet couſre enough, did brush vermillion lookes,
Some, croſſes rub'd; ſome, ropes of praying pearles:
Some diuited veſtments; ſome, their gilded bookeſ.
Some kneaded wafers, and his effige ſtampt,
Whose purple ſtreames the Dragons ſulphures
(dampt).

All at *Don Rivelezzo* were amaz'd:
And, looking, one rub'd off a noſe of wax,
A ſecond raz'd a cheek, another gaz'd,
And pluckt from *Kath'* her periwigge of flax.
One blinded *Serrat*, and did rend her ſilke,
One broke the cruze, and ſpilt the virgine-milke.

Don

Don past through these into an inner roome,
 Where was another rank of virginestry,
 Some weaving Arras on the nimble looine,
 And inter-twisting gold with tapestry,
 With silke of Naples twisted in small ropes,
 Some did the Cowles embroider, some the Copes.

At last he came into an upper place,
 Climbing thereto by richly guilded staires,
 Where sat another troope of nobler race,
 On quilted Cushions, and in Ivorie Chaires.
 About the center, in a robe of state,
 The matrone *Vesta* of the Virgines sate.

These were employd about farre nobler things:
 For some of Sainted haire did bracelets twine:
 Others strung Beades to stint the knees of Kings:
 Some trim'd with costly Gems the Ladies shrine.
 One tun'd the musick, and a witty other,
 Footed an *Ave* to the Virgine-mother.

The grave old Matrone crawling from her throne
 Of Indian teeth, archt o're with cloth of gold,
 Vpon her aged knees with zealous tone,
 Sayes, Heavens messenger, what is't you would?
 Th'amazed Lord with wonder quarrelld long,
 E're he could unvoyce his silenc'd tongue.

Madam, sayes he, why pay you reverence?
 Why are you guilty of th'adoring sin?
 'Tis a delusion of your weakned sence,
 I am no Cherub, Pow're, nor Seraphin:
 The Heraulds stile me Rivelezzo's *Don*,
 Your friend and servant with a cap and con---

My

of Albino and Bellamæ.

25

My Lord, quoth she, excuse my fond mistake,
For o're my sight I weare a dusky glasse,
My zeale i' pious actions sure did make
Me give you more respects then civill was.
But take your seate, and if my power or skill,
Can crowne your wishes, be you sure I will.

Madam, sayes he, I have a scornfull Lasse,
Whom Nature has enricht with speciall grace,
To whose perfections her reflecting glasse
Is parasite; addes pride unto her face:

So that, though Earldomes court her, her disdains
Non-suites their service, and her brew un-plains.

Into your number of chaste-zealous shees,
Entrance unto this girle vouchsafe, I pray,
Vnto your order, I the constant fees
Of gold and acres, and of vowes will pay:
Since she Don flighted, I have vowed to see
How long shee'l honour the religious knee.

Quoth she, those virgines which my hallowd roofe
Does canopy, my prudence does protect:
I make blinde love and folly stand aloofe,
And all loves paper-plots I doe detect.

Great ones have oft assayd, but yet my care
Has buried their intreaties in the aire.

With godly precepts I enrich their mindes,
And make them (which is rare) at eighteen good
I'dmit no Roysters, onely Maids and Hindes
To doe them service, and prepare us food.

Please you to send your daughter, she shall be
Crown'd with delights of most transcendent glee

C

Heavens

Heavens, sayes *Don*, crowne your ensuing dayes
 With all delights which wait your holy orders :
 May the sad Cypressse, and the Bridall Bayes,
 Ne're sprigge nor blossome in your quiet borders.

If plume my swift endevoirs, I'll make haste,
 T' invest *Bellama* with your habits chaste.

When *Dons* farewell had ceast to move the aire,
 Sayes *Pizzello* to her virgine traine,
 We, with th'enjoyment of this Lady faire,
 Shall stufte our Carkanets with mickle gaine.
 We'll frolicke it, and taste the choyceit pleasures,
 Nor shall our joyes be listid in with measures.

The credulous world we gull with silver shrines,
 Our grave behaviours, and retired lives,
 When we in naked truth are Libertines,
 And taste the pillow-joyes of sprightfull wives,
 When through the vault our lusty shavelings pace,
 All the choyce measures of delight to chace.

Thus leave them with their haire-lacke crownes,
 And see *Rivellezo* now ariv'd at home,
 Who by that time had plaind his brow from frowns,
 And all be-calm'd with sugred words doth come :
 Then tells his Lady he had found a towre,
 Would guard *Bellama* from Loves yellow shoure.

Servants are posted to the old Exchange,
 Others to sellers of the silke-wormes spoyles,
 Some to briske Proteusses, smirke Taylors range.
 Some to the Stationers, some haste for oyles.

One carves the image of a martyrd Saint,
 Another breathes a soule with gold or paints.

None

None must be idle, till in marshall rankes,
All things be ordred for this virgine-vow,
Farewell ye spongie teates, and pufte-paste flanke,
Bellama's bridall rede is lighted now.

Her husband is Virginrie, yet iooke, (booke.
Her beads for tings, for songs shee'l change her

The Coach is harnesled, Bellama come,
The father sayes, Hence with that dew of griefe,
Give not a sad adiew unto our home,
But in thy thoughts let comfort ruse as chiefe.
She crav'd a blessing on her globe-like joyns,
Then coached thither where her Site appintes.

As the sweet-voyced Philomile does sit
I'th piked Eglantine, with sorrow dreſt,
'Cause some rude Sylvane in a raging fit,
Snatcht her faint chickens from their downay nest.
So did the Lady Arda dight with mourning,
Deplore Bel'ama's losse with her returning.

As when fye Reynald in his widened jawes,
Is seizing on the nimblly-frisking lambe,
Or when the Tyger with his sharped pawes,
Hath caught the infant of the becking damme.
And then the Shepheards care preventes the shaks,
One lowdly howles, the other hoarly barkes.

So semblably, when as the waiting crew,
Saw the departing of their golden age,
One gives Bellama, with eye-dew, adieu,
Another sigriefunlockt the phrenzie cage (bands:
Some tore their haire, some rent their shouldring
Some thwackt their breasts, and wrung their oylic
hands.

But all in vaine, their Indian Mine was gone,
 Their minting house deprived of the stampe,
 Their costly gemmes were chang'd to pebbell stone.
 Their Hemisphere forsaken by their lampe,
 Saturne's exilde, Fove awes this maffie Ball,
 And now the Iron age un-goldeth all.

The wandring wheelles be-stud with Iron knobs,
 Posted Bellama to the Virgin-tower,
 Which freed her from the noyse of servile throbs ;
 Is entertained like a goddy power,
 Led by the seeming Saints, unto the place,
 Where late Pazzelle with a Matrone grace.

If Rivelezzo's presence frightened them,
 Much more they at Bellama were amaz'd:
 They cald her *Phœnix*, beauties onely gem,
 And all with fixed tapers on her gaz'd:
 Some had a meane, some curious were before,
 But her first sight shewd selfe-conceit the dore.

For as when *Tithons* bride breakes out a farre,
 And through th'expansē spreads forth her yongest
 She by degrees, pops out each twinkling star, (light
 And dims at length the mistresse of the night.
 As winter Chappel-clarks, when prayers are done
 Dis-light each flazing wax, or tallow Sun.

So when Bellama brightly did appeare,
 With mourning rayes in the Monastick hall,
 She vail'd each face that moved in that spheare:
 And further, by degrees un-faced all.
 Nay, at the last, the mistresse of the traine,
 Lookt like pale *Phœbe* in her darkned waine.

of Albino and Bellama.

29

And as dayes Prince, light lustres archy-beame,
Lends to the Moone her silver mid-night rayes,
As from the Ocean watry current streame,
Though ev'ry cadent to that Chaos strayes,
As to a roome he-fog'd with mistis of night,
Th' incensed weekes do lend a mid-day light.

So to each brow, *Bellama's* brow gives white,
To ev'ry cheek, *Bellama's* cheek gave rosies :
To ev'ry eye, *Bellama's* eye gave sight :
To ev'ry breath, *Bellama's* breath gave posies :
To ev'ry part, *Bellama's* part gave grace :
To ev'ry face, *Bellama* gave a face.

Some cald her goddesse of the Cyprian Ile,
Some sayd Troyes ruine was untombd againe,
Some her the selfe-enameurd boy did stile,
Some sayd the Boat-boy did delude their traine.

One nam'd her thus, one sayd she was another,
But all confess sh' exceeded Cupids mother,

The aged Patronesse with palfi'd lips,
Muttered a welcome to her lovely guest,
But at that time the Moone was in eclypsc,
Which with en-feebling feares did them arrest.
Some shrilly screamat, some brazen pans did clang
To ease her travell, and abate her pang.

And when the monthly-horned Queen had got
Her face againe with silver glitter rayd,
Save onely what the Dragons taile does spot,
On their pale Lillies blushing Clarret strayd.

Then did the aged voyce repeat againe,
Welcome faire Lady to my Mayden-paine.

C 3.

Hec

Her instauration was somewhat strange,
Led by nine vestals (for th' odde number was
Highly esteemed in their sacred range,
As by the Poet in his quaffing glasse)

Each of her joynted Lillies one did hold,
Save onely that which waites the wedding gold.

Adornd with vesture, white as bleached snow,
A Cypress mantell, over which was cast,
So lightly hung, 't would not abide a blow,
A milke white Ribben lockt unto her waste,
Grac'd with a crucifix : her slender wrists,
With praying beads were wreath'd on sable twists.

Grave Pisella usherd her along,
Bravely attended with her choycest Nuns,
Without Drum, Trumpet, or an armed throng,
Or champing coursers, or the wide-mouth'd Guns,
Each held religion in some holy right,
With holy water, which the devils fright.

Into the place of holy worship, they
Entred, where gawdie superstition was,
Saints, Altars, store of crucifixes gay.
Whose stately worths my weak expression passe.
Scarce was there knowne a canonized Saint,
Which carvynge did not there beger, or paine.

With strong devotion all the virgines prayd,
At the direction of the praying Bead,
Their Ave-Maries, Santo, Salve's sayd,
Invoking ev'ry Saint to intercede.
Piezza then, Bellama kneeling downe,
Did wreath her temple with the virgine-crownes,

These

of Albino and Bellama.

81

These rites perform'd, behinde an iron gratt
Appeared breathing cowles, and walking copes,
Whose writhed lookes their birchs did ante-date,
And change the cyphers girdled in with ropes.
Their haire had purchas'd wings, and flew away.
So did their braines as some did whispring say.

Vnto this Monastry in gloomy shades,
From Crossfull Priory these shavelings pace,
Distant from hence not two Italian stades,
Earths bloudlesse womb was wimbled all the space.
Under the craggy rocks and chambian did
A road-way lye, from vulgar prying hid.

This darksome path they usually did tread,
To traffique with their the-sequestred zeale,
With whom for certaine dalliance oft they plead,
But their successe may muse dares not en-neale.

These loving sportings are not faults, the sin
Is, when our malles keepe not the scandall in.

Amongst the holymen that hither came,
To joyne their life with the sister-hood,
A votary, *Albino* call'd by name;
Not Fortunes white-boy, yet of Abby-blood:
His great-grand-father some few ages since,
Of Glastenbury Primate was, and Prince!

His stature did not reach the tip-toe height,
Nor with the long-neckt Cranes did conflicts wage,
Something compleare by nature, not by slighs,
Some twenty circled snakes sum'd up his age,
Discreet as Tyro's are, had store of wit,
In that he knew to use, and husband it.

By civill carriage, and his modest looke,
He gaignd the love of his Lord Priorist,
He bowled, coursed, angled in the brooke,
His pleasure was his joy and pleasures list.

Oft would he rove (had his content a dearth)

Through th'hollow belly of th'un-beweld earth,

Sometimes permitted, sometimes by command
From his Lord Prior to the holy mother,
Conveying voyces, or the paper-hand
Oft-times alone, scarce sorted with another.

The Matron did with courteous eye respect him,
Knowing no ill of him, did not suspect him.

She oft would praise his Monkship to her traine,
Calling his breast blest vertues choyces shrine,
And voud she seldome saw such beauty raigne
Upon a face that's pusely masculine.

And 'twas not common at his yeares to finde
So neate a person with so pure a minde.

Hee'd freedome of discourse, not privacie,
Jests, sporting, laughter, and lip-dalliance;
Oft on Bellama woulde fix his eye,
And she to him woulde answer glance for glance.
They gazd so long and oft, till they did ryce
Their hearts together onely by the eye.

Loves fever at the casements of the soule
Entring, enflamed every secret part,
That passion now his reason doth controule,
And with the gyves of Love en-chaines his heart:
And walking with Bardine, seeking pleasurts,
He did Bellama sing in lostic measures.

To his Companion in prayse
of B E L L A M A.

Do' st see yon towring hills, yon spreading trees,
Which wrap their lofty heads in clouds? do' st see:
Yon house of little worth, and lesser height?
Dost thinke a Jewell of ten thousand weight
Can dwell within that sootie Carkonet?
Dost think the gawdie Sun each night does set
And riseth from yon roose? Dost think the Moone
With double borne, and glittering tapers, soone,
Will issue thence? Didst ever see an eye
Which checkt the beames of awfull Majestie?
Dost thinke an earth-borne beauty can be found,
Which darts forth lustre from the sullen ground,
To kisse the glorious skies? or canst thou thinke
The Queene of beautie dwells in such a chinke?
Dost thinke? tis poore, why doe I question so?
Thou dar' st confirme all this by oath, I know,
Since my Bellama's there, all life, all breath,
Whose presence can enlive the soule of death,
Despight of sickly Nature: She is al faire
And truly meriteth Bellezza's chaire.
All thosse faire treasures which dispersed lyse
Twixt Poles and Parallels pay to her eye
And, with her span, contracted in her meet,
As radiant, red, white, smooth, soft, rich, and sweet,
She is the worlds Epitomy and soule,
And with her inch of earth, out-worths the whole,
Shee's beasties Araby-fount: as riv'lets small
Borrow from greater currents, and they all
Pay tribute to the Ocean, just so
The dimmer shafts of winged Cupids Bow,

Borrow from brighter, the brightest pay
 Homage unto Bellama, beauties day.
 I tell thee, there's not one small worth of hers,
 But loudly sayes, that foppish nature erres
 In other beauties: nor is this all, for why?
 Her thoughts pluck starres, and dark th' imperiall skie.
 Virtue and Beautie both: why 'tis as rare
 As frosts in Iune, or Comets in the aire,
 As Crowes in Africk, @Enlas want pusses,
 Or she-precisions want Geneva ruffes.
 Yet my Bellama alone, and one unites
 The beauteous colours, noble red and whites,
 With heavens issue, Verteue: dar'st then deny,
 If not divine, her halfe a Deitie?
 Tip Cynthia's hornes with wonder, winde about,
 And mount the saddle of a winged cloud:
 Then circle earth, and see if thou canst finde
 Halfe such a feature with so rare a minde.
 I know when thou returnst thou'l say with me,
 Bellama's beautie is a A percec.

Thus he to rockes and bushes did discover,
 The secret flames which scorcht his heated breast,
 Though he as yet was not a vocall lover,
 But shrowded his close love in smiles and jest;
 Yet Fortune sften times does Venus grace
 Hee got lip. freedome in an eye-lessle place.

Of Albino and Bellama.

35

For there a Turkes *Elysium* was the stage
Whereon the Virgines acted parts of mirth,
Which Nature did with nobler gifts engage,
And decked more than other parts of earth :

And *Bellam's* breath was such a powerfull thing,
It here did keepe an everlasting spring.

The angry puffings of congealing East,
And sturdy North, cold Winters stoutest roysters,
Darst ne're ot curled lockes the trees devest,
Nor e're were heard to whistle in their cloysters.

Such vernall blatts came from *Bellama's* mouth,
Kept here *Favonius*, and the dropping south.

And if sharp frosts did in her absence steale
Into this place, and glaz'd the tatling stremes,
Then into chystoffal would the springs congeale,
And ev'ry flower was rayd with silver beames :

Yet if *Bellama* did but glance her eye,
The chystoffal and the silver thence did flye.

Nay, strange it was to heare the parling wet,
The sawcie frost with angry murmures chido,
And with its constant jarres and struglings fret,
Then thaw to teares, and on the *Venice* slide .

Yet oft *Bellama* would call in her rayes,
To view the silver purles, and chystoffal wayess.

Into this garden once *Albino* got ;
Yet ah, but once, and met his soveraigne faire ;
Hoping their hearts should ty the *Gordian* knot,
He fand her beauty with such courting aire :

For though he was a Monk, love did instruct him ;
And to Lovers gallace *Fortune* did conduct him.

Hee

He oftentimes with trembling thomebe would preffe
 Her dauncing veine, way to her heart to finde,
 Whilſt conſcious ſhe her looks with red wold drefſe,
 Fearing her pulse was traytor to her minde :

For 'tis entruth'd by ſome, that by this vaine
 We may the knowledge of affections gaine.

Such knowledge gaind, he by her pulses touch,
 Which leapt to meet, not chide his buſie thombeſ,
 That he deſir'd a kiffe, and found it ſuch,
 Whofe ſweetneſſe far'out-sweats Hybla's combes :
 Then cryd, give for each lip a cherry-sweet,
 And then a third, in which they two may meet:

Such quickning heat was from thoſe kiffes ſent,
 That thawd his voyce, and did unfreeze his tongue,
 Packt thence deſpair, exiled diſcontent,
 And made him vent what was concealed long :
 For though deſire and love each minute bid him,
 Yet feare, hiſ habit, and her beauty chid him,

Madam, quoth he, vouchſafe a courteous eare
 Vnto my words, ſent from an amorous heart,
 Which hath long time bin wrackt with hope & fear,
 Grisely deſpair, and Cupids awfull dart:
 And till this time (reſtrain'd by black diſasters)
 Could ne're apply lip-love, or vowell-plaſters.

Be pleas'd to know (yet ſure you needs muſt know it)
 A beauty ſo divine, muſt needs divine, (it)
 Though I ſhould want heart, hand, or voyce to ſhow
 When firſt your beauty in mine eyes did ſhine,
 They ſlipt into my breast, and told my heart,
 The god of love by them had ſent a dart.

My heart made quick reply, (if hearts have voyce)
You ever have such faithfull servants been,
That what you like, I'le freely call my choyce,
For beauty brought by you, does fires teen;
Carry this message back, tell her 'tis best
That hers should heat my bosome, I her breast.

Peace, peace, quoth she, speak not a word of love,
For feare my anger, scornes, and folly writes,
Eagles love Eagles, and the Dove the Dove:
Hankes brook not Buzzards; or the Pheasant Kites,
Equals love equals: but un-equall flame
Is teen'd with folly, and expires with shame.

True, quoth he, likenesse does the heart encline,
Greatnesse loves greatnesse, without farther search,
Yet crawling Ivies lostie Elmes en-twine,
And gall-lesse Turtles with the Eagles pearch.
I baulk your greatnessse; for as good, not great,
I homage pay, and loves alarums beat.

Those airy titles, which ambition swell,
And puffe like bladders, or like bladders burst,
The worldlings goddesse, which in chefts does dwel,
Is gnawne with rust, and makes the chesters curst,
Honour is ty'd unto the Princes eye,
And wealth to Fortunes mutability.

I have not wealth (nor doe I want) what then?
Must Hymen stoope unto the nods of gold?
Must I vaile Bonnet unto Ermin men?
And Vertue by the Herald be contolde?
No, love does blaze the noblest armes: and she,
That can maintaine herselfe, in love can me.

Stay

Stay, stay, quoth she, you will be out of winde,
Me thinkes the voyce of greatnesse speakes delight :
Our Poets onely then saigne Cupid blinde,
When children of the Sun doe dote on Night.

Or folly mounted on Icarian wings,
Courts Queens affections, & does gaze on Kings.

No, says Albino, 'tis the contrary,
Love never is more purblinde then when earth
Joynes house to house, and pedigrees doe tye
Scutcheons to Scutcheons in pure vertues death,
For Regall flames blest goodnesse onely teenes,
And vertue ought to court the love of Queenes.

We all are borne for publique good: 'tis vaine
With torch-light to embellish Titans rayes,
Or cast our stock of water in the maine ;
Such love from lawes of love and nature strayes :

But those that Fortune hath enricht with goods,
Should darne up natures wants, by mixing bloods.

Was I the *Cesar* of the *Romane stemmes*,
(Once onely darling to the King of skies)
Did both the Indies pay me tribute-Gemmes,
I'de not unite a double Majestie.

For being no distinction in degree,
She would assume that honour due to me.

Shee d'chide me sooner than I durst check her,
And as the proverbe, quarrell for the breeches,
On some choyce meane that honour I'de conferre,
Should sue with humble Sirs, and low beseeches.

Thus was the tyde to payment of respects,
Licenc'd with state-love to mixe neglects.

Where

Where beauty does indee, and vertues scale,
Greatnesse is not requir'd to set his hand:
Though greatnessse here may vertues acts repeale;
Yet vertues acts in Cupids courts must stand.

Then where I finde grace, feature, vertues dwell,
I've greatnessse, wealth, and honour: tolle the bell.

Then with kinde aires, life of my wishes speake,
Bid honour know his distance, wealth depart,
And let the day of true contentment break
From thy cleare lips, to cheare my misted heart.
O with owne circle, let my armes enfold
The soule of honour, and the heart of gold.

Sir, quoth Bellama, wealth is not my aime,
Nor does the gales of honour heave my soule,
I higher prize an action than a name,
And value more a pamphlet than a roule.

Where I with comelinesse finde vertue mixt,
My love, eyes, thoughts, are on that object fixt:

I speake not much of love, lest you presume;
And speak a little, lest you should despaire,
I would not have my words your hopes deplume,
Nor feather them to reach the highest aire,
I summe up all in this, when as I say,
I will not with disdaines thy service pay.

Oh happy words! oh more than sacred breath!
Albinolive, Bellama says thou must:
Confront dire Fate, and challenge meagre death,
'Tis not in them to moulder thee to dust.

Yet be advis'd, let not proud folly in,
The conquest is as great to hold as win.

Our Anchorist with all the words that joy
 Hearting a lover, was acquainted with,
 Accosts his Saint, rewards the winged boy,
 And congies to the Queene of heate and pith,
 Smiled and glanc'd, payd thanks, desir'd a kisse,
 And prayd time give an age unto his blisse.

But when dayes lamp had wan the westerne clyme,
 And wrapt his head in Sea-greene Thetis lap,
 Our lover must observe the chaunting time,
 And bids his Saint adiew: oh hard mishap!
 Ohtis a hell to think what hellish paine
 True lovers by unkinde divorcement gaine!

Yet by that time the hoary headed Syre
 Had sum'd twelve sixty minutes, he againe
 Returnd t'his Lady, when bright Tyrans fire
 Was newly risen from the brackish maine,
 And common greetings past amidst their pleasures,
 He, in his Ladies hands these lines entreasures.

*Vpon Bellama's walking in the
 Garden, and with him.*

MY teeming phantie strives (choyce fair) to chain
 Eternity to time, that here shall waine;
 And make those garden minutes see the Sun
 Eatomb'd in darknesse, and the earth un-spun
 Ere they expire, that all succeding times
 May know and tell the subject of these times.
*Affit me Flora, that I may with grace
 Worthy its honour, shadow forth that place
 Of spreading trees, sweet bearbs, and fragrant Flowres,
 Enricht with pleasing walkes, and shady Bowres.*

of Albino and Bellama.

41

Each twigge with amorous touch embrac't his Mate,
Like Bacchus sacred tree his propping stare;
Or Ivie, Elme, that neither Sun nor Winde
To his retired conclave's passage finde.
Within whose walles a halfe-nights darknesse dwelles,
Which Satyrs growing pallaces excelles,
Or Anchorets secluding Hermitage.
Here, like a common Theater, or Stage,
Each spiced childe of earth in Summer robe,
And Iris mantle, opes his closed globe,
Knowes his appearing cue, and freely playes
Oth' wiſt-for presence of your quickning rayes:
Such perfect vivifying influence
Dwells in your lookes, Lights Chariot driven hence,
That your sole presence can create a Spring,
From Winters frozen bands can loose each thing,
From Earths entombing Sepulchre can raise
Each sleeping Flou're to chaunt forth Maia's prayse:
This made amazement seize my minde to view
Halfe-aged Winter bid so soone adieu
To this Elyzium of the Pagans joy,
And Chloris with her new-brusht clothes so coy
Before, and hardly to be wonne, come forth
Crown'd with the glory of her springing worth,
To court our eyes: nay more, the bare-fac'd Earth,
Coverd with Carpets green, befringed round
With smiling Rosetrees, with glorious store
Of Dazies, Suckles, Cow-slips, studded ore
Like hunting Veste's of Satonisco green,
Emboft with Gems, by Fawns and wood-nymphs Queen
Worne, when the tush'd Boare, Beare, panting Hart
Th' unkennell,rouze, dis-franke with nimble art.
And leſt your ſportleſſe ſoles ſhould ſuffer ill,
Ayres fleeting tuns Chrystalline ſtreames diſtill

To

To wash the grassie-tufted tapestry,
 Which whistling windes with murmurings baste to dry.
 And ev'ry tender branch whereon you tread,
 To make your trac'g, pacing, moves its head.
 Alcineus Orchard, or that precious root,
 Which bore old Atlas daughters golden fruit :
 Th' Idalian mount, where Cytherea stray'd,
 Or that where Ceres lucklesse daughter play'd,
 When as the King of shades surprized her.
 Nor may the Romanes pride with this conser,
 For here all Maia's treasures are united,
 Which doe, which shall, or fences e're delighted,
 Yet summer'd by your eye, each Flower does bud,
 Bl'somes, sprouts, opens, bloomes, and chevres the bud.
 Your presence hearts them all : O be as kinde
 As unto them, to me ! Shoot through my rinde.
 Shine through my heart with one, one smiling ray,
 So shall it open, blossome, sprout as they,
 Spic't with the choycest sweets e're Venus had,
 In all the postures of true service clad,
 Trimd with the beauties of the rickest spring.
 All fertile too, all store of fruit shall bring :
 This, choyce affection; that, chaste loyaltie;
 This, vowes; that, service; and that, constancie,
 Made up into a nose-gay, circled in
 With twiss of love, which youth and vertue spin.
 Then Breath and Ray, make and accept the Posie,
 And seale a contract twixt the Lili' and Rosie.

Of Albino and Bellama.

43

En-spheared thus with virgines, oft he would
Tell pretty tales, fraught with conceited mirth,
Discourse of forraigne states: sometimes un-fold
A sudden jest, may give to laughter birth:

Thus to beguile the time he oft would doe,
And unsuspected did his Lady wooe.

Then privately sometimes with her wold walke
Along a paved way, where lofty trees
Bore onely witnessse of their am'rous talke,
Plaiting their branched pride, that none might see,
And lest quick envie should their dalliance spy,
Themselves about the trees the brambles tye.

Here in soft whispers did he court her love,
And strove by oath their loves to ratifie.
Madam, sayes he, this reason may you move,
That day and malice have too many eyes,
When my lips are seald, and I attempt in vaine,
To send the children of my teeming braine.

Not halfe so vigilant the Dragon was,
Which Colchos treasure watcht, as is your Dame,
So that they must through Argus head-peece passe,
Which seeke here to enkindle Cupids flame.
I know your jealous Matrone does discover
How my faint heart about your breast does hover,

Sir, sayes Bellama, there is no such haste,
Time will appoint our loves some sittir seasons,
My father must ungirdle first my waste,
Love will not be repeld by force, but reasons.

And more, you know it is in vaine to strive,
Heres no escaping this Monastick hive.

When

When as the third dayes Sun, three houres or more,
 Our Zenith has behinde him left, hither
 Returne, and I will meet thee ; not before :
 My thoughts (quoth he) doe in your absence wither,
 Pincht with the sharpest blasts cold winter breathes
 But your, *your looks* my heart with *blossoms* wreathes

That foolish glasse which measures time with sand,
 Enough of gravel has to meet a yeare,
 With lesser trouble I could *Hermes* wand,
 Than the sad torture of your absence beare :
 Change then those houres to minutes; dayes, to day,
 If you say 't shall be so, time must obey.

Alas! quoth she, my faith is not so strong,
 To thinke reality with language dwells,
 Nor can I think you count those minutes long ;
 When you're employed with your Beads and Bells,
 Yet t' has the face of truth, I le therefore try
 If time will pay such duty to mine eye.

These words have lent my body a new soule,
 And shot (quoth she) a fire through every veyne ;
 Doubt not, your voyce times circle can controul,
 And make the Sunne his hasty Iennets reyne.
 Nay more, me thinks m'enlightned eyes discover
 'Bout you the gods with vailed bonnets hover,

I'm halfe perswaded, 'twas not blasphemy
 For me to say your nod can ravell Fate,
 Thaw into Chaos this firme globe of dry,
 Beckon the planets, and their towres un-slate.
 Me thinkes I see the Sun naild to his sky,
 Un-nath his Carre, and threw his whip-staffe by
 Peace,

of Albino and Bellama.

45

Peace, peace, quoth she, *Albino*, thou dost rave,
Why dwels such language on thy wretching tongue?
Wilt thou just vengeance force to dig thy grave?
Thinkest thou sterne Fate will suffer such a wrong?
Pinnion thy words, let them not soare so high,
Lest they should gash the clouds, and ope the sky.

We must not play with sharpes, nor kisse the flame,
Daily with heaven, or up-braid the gods,
Lest their just anger make their powers tame
Such sawcie scandals with their plagues and rods.
Then wing no more *Bellama's* name, but let
The Pearle be called Pearle, the Iet but Iet.

Goe home in clouds, lest Envy see thy face,
And come not till those minutes taskē the watch.
Madam, sayes he, Ile bid them mend their pace,
Tis just with lovers every haire to catch,
That dights occasions brow, change date for date,
Entrench sometimes upon the rights of Fate.

Yet your command shall stand, Ile not transgresse,
But watch the hand untill it joynit the houre,
And all my paths with gloomy shades will dresse,
That undiscoverd I may win this boure:
May all the blessings which a lovers voyce
Breathes on his Lady, wait on you my choyce.

Here did they meet to rivet fast their heart,
Where not a breath their private joyes disturbe;
They thought no eye a sawcie ray durst dart,
Or any voyce had power their loves to curbe.
So credulous are lovers, and so faine
To their conjectures would *conclusum's* chaine:

BIG

But this bright Sun of joy eclypsed was,
 And pitchy clouds their glorious sky did smutch,
 Then Venus joyes were like to Venice glasse,
 Poore glasse-like toyes, that perish with a touch,
 A Guardians anger, or a parents frown,
 Nips loves fresh blossomes, and a wish uncrowne.

The jealous matrone from her towring loft,
 O're-lookt th' ambitious trees which hem'd them in
 Or'e-heard their vows, their sighs, & language soft,
 And saw how Cupid leapt from skin to skin.

The traffique of their lips, and how thin balmes,
 Did glue and cement fast their melting palmes.

When she perceiv'd the progresse of their love,
 Religious care impanneld straight a Iury
 Of thoughts and plots, this stranger to remove,
 Soothed with profit, and enflam'd with fury,
 Vsh'ring her language with a threatening frown,
 She ask'd her busines with that shaved crowne.

Why was that sickly voyce, whose feeble gales
 Can raise no echoes, hand, and elbow chat,
 Eye-dialogues discourse, and wanton tales
 That way of am'rousnesse, and this, and that?
 Speak truth *Bellama*, has thy heart, as voyce,
 Decreed that youthfull monk thine only choyce?

Bellama startled at this sudden newes,
 Yet did her answers all consist of noes,
 But yet, alas! her bloud observ'd the cues,
 And call'd by guilt, her Lilly bankes ore-flowes:
 So that though she with settled vowes denyde,
 Yet to the eye her blushes guilty cryde.

When

of Albino and Bellama.

When as the matrones busie eyes had read
 Love on her cheeke in bloody letters writ,
 She askt her why blind folly thus had lead
 Her reason, gainst religion, state or wit?

Or if she needs must love, why did she scowle
 Vpon state-sattens, and embrace a cowle?

Bellama to excuses tun'd her aire,
 Framing pretences for her amorous saith,
 But yet alas, such was *Pazzella's* care,
 From her excuses she with-held her faith.

And with a voyce shrill and as fierce as thunder,
 Swore she would knap their silly loves in funder.

Those scarlet gowns, which doom-offenders, death,
 Or the proscriptions of the Romane state,
 Had not the tithe of that affrighting breath,
 Although they weaken'd hell, and threatned Fate,
 As had these words which feeble love did shiver,
 Snap his weak strings, & crack his empty'd quiver

But all this while, *Albino* fate with pleasure,
 And on his trencher joy and mirth attend,
 Nor to delight will he allow a measure,
 As, at one sitting, he his stock would spend.
 Nay, if he slept, he dream'd of nought but rings,
 Gloves, fans, masks, monkies, & such prety things.

And when the time of his approach approach't,
 His eye did travell with the Dyals hand,
 Then started up to see *Don Phœbus* coach't,
 Bad him make haste, and at that minute stand,
 That this bleſt day may count more moments flight
 Than could the stout *Alcides* geniall night.

But oft we see before a sudden dash,
 The Sun salutes the earth with hottest gleames;
 So here before misfortunes harshest lash,
 Joy on Albina shot his choycest beames.

That evety thought was crowned with a starre,
 Andrid with Venus in her silver Carr.

Rose out oth' vault, with love and hope adust,
 And in conceit fed on his future sweet, (just)
 Thinking what most may please, not what's most
 And with what phrase he should his Lady greer,
 Vowing in this full heat of lust and pride,
 To try how fast Bellama's girdle's tyde.

But as our Alchymists doe study much,
 Spend all their wits and wealth to finde that stone,
 Which baser metals doth en-gold with touch,
 (As he which once did awe the Phrygian throne)
 And when they long have dreamed of a masic,
 Their silvers's turnd to tin, their gold to brasse.

Iust so our Amorist stufst full with hope,
 Came to this walke for his expected treasure,
 The chrystall casements of his soule did ope,
 To let in th' object of his joy and pleasure;
 But when he thought t'have found his lovely lassie,
 His love was Lady-smocks, his Lady grasse.

He searcht with stricter care, each bush and bowre,
 Then did the Fairy King, and Hob his man,
 Throwing his eyes into each branched towre,
 And midst the sharpened pikes of brambles ran.
 Prickt forward with desire, enrag'd with spite,
 And venteth here what love and hate endite.

Upon his Bellama using and forsaking the Walkē.

When walking I sent forth my watchful eyes,
To fetch in objects, like Bellona's spies,
Along this swelling way, which checker'd was
With smooth-fac't pebbles, not with piked grasse;
Bellama pac't, whose onely pacing set
Upon the paved walke a Coronet
Of Flora's pride, Carnations, Tulips, Lillies,
Pansies, Pinkes, Roses, Daffa-down-dillies:
Nay more, me thought I saw the rubbish way,
Saphirs, Pearles, Rubies, Onix-stones, out-ray
The very channell proud of her blest weight,
Sweld up with pride unto the ridge's height
To kisse her feet, and made the way an alley,
With this choyce Faire mine eyes (ah) once did darley.
Nature's Epitomy, whose curios brow
Was like a smoothed mount of bleached snow,
At whose cleare foot Nature divine did place
Two Diamonds, which did enlighten all her face:
So that twas like those orbes wherein doe stray
The planet-lampes, or Cupids sucking way,
And from these gemmes such silver rayes were sent,
Which hatched o're her light accoutrement.
So that dull fancies would have thought she had
In Cambricke, Holland, or pure Lawne been clad,
Nay I, at first, thought it bad Cynthia bin
Deckt in her brothers sun-shine Ermilin.
She shot such glorious beames: but now alas!
Shee's gone, shee's fled, and lo, the mourning grasse
Is hayd already, and th' ungemd stone
At feathers catch to fly where she is gone.

The branched Beech, the Oke, and towring Ash,
Bend both their browes and boughes my face to lash:
The angry thornes, my hands, though armed, scratch,
And testy brambles at my vesture catch:
(Whish was before the curse of humane sin,
But now, by her, out-smeld the Eglantine)
I wonder-strucken, askt a holy Thistle
Which with his sharped pikes began to bristle:
(But know, at first twas but an homely weed,
Her presence made it holy, not its seed)
Why all with irefull looks thus threatned me?
It is suppos'd Bellama faire (quoth he)
The goddesse of thi walke, was forc't by you
To this benighted paib to bid adiew.
Alas! quoth I, (mean while the thistle paus'd)
Their wrath is undeserv'd, I never caus'd
By any ill demeanes that Saint to leave
This place, and widow every branch and greave,
Unto your testates I my selfe refer.
How choycely I have ever honourd her,
Have payd my tribute-complements, and gave
Respects as much as due, or she would have.
But people (morse than those that peop'le strewes)
Whose onely joy consists in telling newes,
Or Pazzell else with ber envenomd lips
Tour glory and my comfort doe eclypse,
Tis them they ought to chide, for onely thay
Compell her to forsake this gloomy way.
Yet spight of all disasters, Fate and Hell,
Albino's heart shall with Bellama dwell,
And though chill winter nip both you and me,
We shall ere long our suns and summers see.

of Albino and Bellama.

51

This sayd he straight forsooke his silent grove,
Trimming his lookes which passion did untrim,
And hastes to finde the object of his love,
But such an eye the matron cast on him,

That fury on her lookes did seeme to dwell
And envy to her face transplanted hell.

Heartlesse *Albino* with much pain did view
How on her lookes madnesse and anger rang'd,
And on *Bellam* he private glances threw,
To bring him word if that she stood unchang'd,
If she continu'd square despight of them,
Whose jealous eyes did all their actions hem.

Bellama knew the language of his eye,
But could not give respect to Cupids law,
For *Piazella* to her eyes did tye
A constant watch, which kept her eyes in awe,
That she was forc't to peep within her vailes
For there the matrone did her eyes en-jayle.

The ragged crue which are en-wrapt in chaines,
Throgh grates more freedom have of sight than she,
Which in them both produc'd such grieves and pains
Too sharpe and lowd to be exprest by me.
Albino now does judge his absence better,
And chose a proxee to present a letter.

One of his order, (deemd a trusty friend
Endeard to him by favours, oath and vow)
Was his *Talibimus*, ordain'd to send
To her, whose beauty makes stiffe *Atlas* bow.

The Monke embrac't the office, and did swear
By all our scarlet oathes, faith, truth, and care.

D 2

All i. 6

*Albino now to every Santo prayes,
And for successse his hands with zeale does reare,
Courting his Lady in some Irish Layes,
And rob'd his finger of its golden spheare
En-neald, (I live in hope) and sure griefs waves
If Anchorlesse, had been tis wishes graves.*

**To mee's faire Metres, Vandebrad Isle
Ofte fine towne of Vaschester:**

Tck predee metres be not coy,
But intertayne mee's love vit joy:
For me be not a snottree boy.

Vat tough me russell not in silke,
And keep mee's servaunts vit capes ilke,
Yet me be not a sop of milke.

Vat tough me vil not stautly stret,
And ilke de Peacock poudely jet;
Yet me be vary pruce and neat.

Vat tough me vil not lye vit pimpes,
And pend mee's coyne on light-teale shrimpes
Yet me can hug, busse prettee nymphes.

Vat tongh me ha ne Hanke ne Hound,
And vil not suare begot, id'zound,
Yet faith mee's frolique, plumpe and sound.

Vat tough me cannot Maudam say,
And vil ty Fan an Monkee play,
Yet me con flatter yel as thay.

of Albino and Bellama.

53

Vat tough me connot honour thee
Vit titles laudee C or D,
Yet thou fault a good Metress hee.

Vat tough, vat tongh, Ick say, vat tough,
Ick say, udsnigs, in feck I trough,
Yet Ick drive not te Caurt and Plough.

Then pretee, pretee, Buxome faire,
Let me not launguish in depaire,
But say me's sutes all gaunted are.

Let ne mee's Irish Borrell speach,
In tyne affection mauke o breach,
For me con better say so teach.

And me can be as hlyth and free
As auny push or saunten hee,
Ten say, and ved, and bed vit me.

Tyne fayfull friend and good seruaune,
Patrick Applous, te fine, te bave, te
gallauis Irish-men!

Upon the Ring sent to his Bellama.

Cupid oft-times disdaines to dwell
In loftie pallace, but does shell
Himselfe in straw-tharcht roofe; and choyce
For novell, a September rose
Before a Diamond to present
Or tyme in silver scilings pent.

D. 3.

Great

Great gifts enforce, but small ones woe,
 And forc't respects will never doe.
 He questions his owne worth, that feares
 To whisper in his mistresse eares
 With smallest gifts, since true worth hates
 A boone which for him lowdly prates,
 And female worths may justly slight
 Those that, but with guilt swords, dare fight.
 These make me send this little ring,
 (An Embleme of a greater thing)
 'Tis bruis'd, hence representeth true
 My heart bruis'd, bent and bowd for you;
 Anatomists conclude by art,
 A veire is stretched to the heart
 Froth' smallest finger of the left,
 From veine and finger comes this geft:
 Hence merits better, since we finde
 Many send presents, few their minde.'

V P O N T H E P O E S I E
I live in hope.

T Is hope that makes me live, and when
 My hope's transfer'd to other men,
 Divorc't from me, health cannot give
 A strength to make my rent heart live,
 A rented heart tis truly call'd,
 For love of vertues you enthrall'd
 Tenant at will to you, and payes
 Large rents of sighes each howre and dayes,
 But to what number they amount,
 Puzzles Arithmetick to count:
 Then courteous Land-lady be please
 To seale my heart a life-long lease,

Else

Else ev'ry slight and frownē of yours,
Will turne your tenant out of doores,
Yet hope perswades me not to doubt
My heart shall not be turned out:
For you have promised to come
An live with it, or exchange home,
So I be Land-lord unto thine,
And you be Land-lady to mine.
Say I to this, and onely Fate
Shall change the tenor of our state.'

Bardino from the Coven poſts with ſpeed
Vato Albino's onely Polar star,
Loaden with blessings, and beware, take heed,
As the great grand-dames ſonne prepar'd for war,
Or as a widowes ſonne, whose onely joy
Hangs on the nuptials of her luſty boy.

Like as a Pilot to ſome floating keele,
When as the buſtlers from old Eol's cave,
On Neptunes furrowd back make it to reele,
And at his death ſhoot billow after wave:
So toſt in ſeas of griefe Albino tyde,
His loves choyce pinnace to Bardino's guide.

But Bishop Guts, tun-belly'd, all-pancht Fryer,
In ſight of Lesbia's towres ſplit his faire Galley,
Prov'd a diſembling and perfidious lyer,
From his foule breast deceit and hate did falley,
The ſeeds of every ſin in him did bud,
Nothing did wither but this one thing, Good.

For to win credit with the Lady-mother,
 And raise a liking of himselfe in her,
 He prov'd a traytor to his Abbey-brother,
 With Abbatesse in private does confer,
 And unto her imparts his amorous newes,
 She, not Bellam' his vowed service viewes.

But to *Albino* he returnd with faith,
 (Yet 'twas an oath) I importun'd thy Saint,
 Prest her t'wlock thy secrets; but she saith,
 What pur-blinde folly does thy heart attaint?
 Thou knowst what offers I refus'd, and thou'lle
 Confine my love unto a starved coule.

Away flings she, and leaves me disconsolate,
 Nor after dain'd to me a wonted look:
 New is *Albino* pincht with cruell Fate,
 Which is the better, Cupid, or thy boek?
 Hadst viewd her beauty with a scornfull eye,
 Thou hadst not tasted of her pride and sic.

Haplesic *Albin'*, and haplesic so much more,
 Because *Albin'*, rest quiet with thy lot,
 If *Nilus* over-flow his sandy floore
 Above twelve cubits, it procures a rot.
 When at too high a pitch affections towre,
 Fate with misfortunes oft their hopes doth sowre.

Wound not the harmlesse aire with mournful hoots
 Steere not 'gainst *Volgo*'s streme thy feeble keele,
 Be not like him who 'gainst a whirle-wind shoots,
 Or like the Cockatrice in pecking Steele,
 For acts 'gainst nature wrought, despight do gaine,
 And love o're-looking Fortune, reapes disdaine.

of Albino and Bellama.

57

But let us see what strange effect this newes
Writes in his breast (disasters fatall booke)
What stronger plot his working phansie brewes,
If's loftie thoughts be at this answer shooke,
Alas! they are, so weake a thing is man,
Crash't into Atomes with a fligting fan.

His bloud retires unto his throbbing heart,
His wanned cheeke with lawne were over-spread,
An aspin trembling loosned every part,
His spirits fainted, and his vitals fled,
And his quick hart with such strong motions heated,
That it, though chil'd with feare, his body heated.

Enter his chamber, strewed o're with rue,
He lean'd his head upon his swelling pillow,
And sighing, cryde, *Bellama* is this true,
Must I be doomed to the barren willow?
I thought, exempted from my pedants art,
I should no more have felt the willows smart.

Thy eyes speake love, and every glance you sent,
Writ on my heart, *Albino* is approv'd,
Whensoe're my eyes unto thy feature went,
And met with thine, they brought me word, you lov'd
Then can *Bellama* not *Bellama* be?
She may *Bellama* be, but not to me.

Blest heavens! how have men deserv'd your ire,
That made you frame this curse, this thing cal'd *Wo-*
So comely and so usefull? giving fire (man,
To seare us men, and yet disdaine to know man?
Why on their faces have you plac'd such charmes,
To make us court with sighs the work of hartas?

Pandora's

Pandora's box of woes was opened then,
 When first they took in hand to make a woman,
 And all the Furies joyned to torture men;
 Yet women first were rare, but now grown common,
 And mischiefs high, when once they comon grow.
 Entombe great states, and commons overthrow.

Thou Love, (what should I call thee?) doest entice,
 Nay checkst rebellion in the awfull gods,
 Women thy weapons are, of such high price,
 That beat with them, they humbly kisse the rods.
 No life, no joy, no sweete, without a lassie,
 And yet no sweet nor joy since woman was.

Our eyes doe ne're mistake the day for night,
 Nor can the pale-hewd pinkes for roses passe,
 But when on women's colours they doe light,
 Then (brib'd) they look as through a painted glasse,
 So that what women are we never see,
 But what we wish and phansie them to be.

"Mongst thousand virgines which doe suck this ayre,
 I never knew but one, but one — one good,
 Whom I supposed full as good as faire,
 And she was making e're Deucalions flood :
 But she alas! what should I say? but she
 Is woeto man, a woman unto me.

Thus in his heightned fury he condernes,
 Both Fate and Fortunac, honour, wealth and worth,
 Raileth on virgines and their beanteous genames,
 And curseth nature, that did bring herforth,
 But above all, his sharp incensed Muse,
In wrathfull Odes Don Cupid does accuse.

An Invective against
C V P I D.

T Hou love, if thou wilt suffer this, be blinde,
Deafe, dumbe, and stupid, and unwiseley kinde,
More unto slights than merits, and reward
Respects and negligence with same regard.
If Sattens difference, and maides adorne,
Then nature has with beauty, more with scorne,
That they must fligger, scoffe, deride and jeere,
Appoynt their servants certaine houres t'appeare,
Affoord by number, kisles, sights by tale,
Command a certaine distance, and empale
Loves game from taste or touch, and if at all
Men doe transgresse, steepe all their wordsin gall:
Check but the least presumption, and with frownes
Strike as much terrour unto us, as crownes;
Love, if thou'l suffer this, and wink at them,
Make us esteeme a pebble for a gem,
Stoope, cringe, adore, sue, flatter, and admire,
And in our bosomes teenst thy amorous fire,
May all the haggish Furies soundly lash
And with their snaky whips thy sinewes gash;
May all the tortures Hell encloseth, fall
On thee, if not enough, and, more then all;
But we — we men will be no more thy slaves,
And womens too, wee'l pack unto our graves:
And in our silent beds of earth will court
The slender-wasted wormes, and with them sport,
Dally, hug, toy, and vow their wimbling busse
Is full as sweet as womens was to us.
En-wall'd with dust wee'l lye, till nature shall
Perceive thy malice (Cupid) and her fall,

And

The pleasing Historie

And woes with sighes and teares in loving guise,
For a replantage of the world, to rise,
Then shall our wils un-god thee, and thy mother,
And Cupids be our selves one to another.
Then in thy Temples shall no voyce be heard,
But Sciech-owles, Dors, and Dawes, no Altarreard
Whereon to sacrifice true lovers hearts,
Scalded with sighes, and galled with thy darts,
For we our selves, our selves will temples call,
And make our bosomes Altars, whereon shall
From fourteen to fourscore the females faires
Burne Frankinsence of love with sighes and praires,
And change the custome so, that maidens then
Shall court, admire, adore and wooc us men.

This sayd, he strove t' unbillow all with slumbers,
But th'more he strove to rest, lessle rest he takes,
His watchful thoughts each tatling minut numbers,
Bellama's wakening beautie him awakes.

And having purchas'd sleepe, though they were
Bellama's beauty darted rayes at him: (dim,

Then starting up, her substance faire to catch,
He lost the shadow, and did rave againe,
Can groveling Brambles loftie Cedars scratch?
Or wadling Duckes o're-top the towring Crane?
Yet vertues imp'd with person, reach a sky,
And to an higher pitch then Fortune flye,

There is a tree, (as our Historians write)
Alpinabit, of faire and glorious gloo,

With

of Albino and Bellama. 61

With branches fine, and glorious blossomes dight,
But never tasted by the witty Bee,
Fearing death lodgeth there, and this he feares,
Cause to the eye so glorious it appeares.

Not much unlike to these our women are
Whom Nature has in daintie colours drest,
And of our women likeliest are the faire,
For with much beauty vertues seldomest rest.
Would Iove all women I had judg'd to be
Alpina-like, or if not all, yet she.

The Queen of beautie strumpet was to Mars,
Officious Bawd unto lascivious Iove,
A patronesse of those that ride in Carres,
And in her Court nor vertue reigne, nor love,
But lust and vanity with wily traines,
That her repentance buyes, which beauty gaines.

She as many trulls, like Menelaus wife,
And she such light-skirt things for chaste ones selvs,
With whom dissembling and deceits are rife,
Smiles, tears, sighs, looks, with such enchanting spels.
If they but bend their brows, & shoot out frowns,
They crack a scepter, and distemp're crownes.

Yet stay : but by the sowre we know not fweer,
White's silver hue adjoynd to black, shines best,
How should we know our hands, but by our feet?
Healthsonely priz'd, when sicknesse doth arrest.

This principle perhaps *Bellama* holds,
Summer is known by Winters chilling colds.

Perchance *Bellama* did not breath that woe
Which by *Barbina* was conveyd to me:

Noe

Nor dwelt upon her lips that scornfull No,
 'T was onely forged by her Dame and he.

But—why should suspition steale into my bre
 Suspect a friend, deceit with friendship rest?

No : Phaeton base sonne to dayes bright blaze,
 Daring his Chariot felt Ioves thunder fire.
 Astronomers, whilst on the starres they gaze,
 Oft-times do sinke into the durty mire:

Onely the Eagle without purblinde dampes,
 Can fixe his eyes upon the prince of lampes.

The sonne of *Dædalus* soar'd up so high,
 That *Phæbus* pluckt his waxen joyned wings ;
 It was her pride checkt my ambitious eye,
 True love to hatred chang'd by slights has stings.

Ile write invectives : no, Ile onely try
 What vertue dwels in slighting Poesie

To his Bellama slighting him.

Ile bore the heavens, pierce the clouds a vaine,
 Make them full torrents weepe of brackish raine,
 To second my lamentes, me thinkes the Sun
 Knowing my clue is raveld and undone,
 That my *Bellama* slights, should vext resigne
 T'his sisters Chartot his Ecliptick line.
 Bid *Phæber* run horn mad, and lowdly cry,
 Froth, howle, as in a fit of lunacie,
 Nay, throw a poysen on *Endimions* lips,
 Threaten to drowne the world, the Sun eclypse,
 Keepe the starres order still? or can they stirre,
 And not digresse? Know they how not to erre?

Sure

Sure no: I saw bright *Paphos* snuffe her lampe,
Yet vowd to quench it with eternall dampe,
Hurle all away, if that her servants love
Be had in no regard, and awfull *love*
Hurry along the milkie way to finde
That sniffling deity, that winged, blinde —
And vowd to clip his wings as short as Munkes,
Their stubbed beards more short than pained runkes
Valeſſe he shot a dart with more than speed,
To make *Bellama's* heart affections bleed.
Bold *Ocean* foames with spight, his neb-tides roare,
His billowes top and top-mast high doe soare.
Nature hertiſe is fallen, keepes her bed,
And will not rise so much as drefſe her head,
Regardleſſe of the seasons, will not ſee
Loude windes deplume the buh and towring tree.
The Ploughman furrows earth, ſowes ſeedith'tides,
But nature weepes for me, his paines derides
Copernicus his tcnet's verify'd,
The maſſie Globe does 'bout its center ride.
All things diſ-rankt, nothing observes it ſtate,
Change time and tide, or poſt or ante-date
But thou *Bellam'* art deafe to me and blinde,
Steelfſt thine affeſtions, flintſt thy hardened minde,
And strik'ſt fire thence t'enflame my tinder heart,
Thou oyl'ſt the flame, but I endure the ſmart.
How oft have I, when others eyes have ſlept,
Like ſentinels to armies, watchings kept?
And when the thoght oth'saints thrice bliſful home
(which ah! too ſeldom) mongſt my thoughts did come
Then ſpight of goodneſſe blessed E was loſt
And you the haven of me tempeſt-toſt:
Have I made envious art admire thy worth,
Toucht the *Ela* of praise, t'emblazon't forth?

Bid sleepe good night, quiet and rest adiew,
 Made my selfe no selfe to entitle you.
 And after this sad purgatory, must
 My hopes be laydith'dust for want of dust?
 Then know *Bellama*, since thou aimst at wealth,
 Where Fortune has bestowd her largest dealth,
 That wealth may puffe a clod of earth like leaven,
 But vertuous want alone ensouleth heaven.
 Know more, I scornd thy fortune, 'twas thy selfe
 I courted, not thy slight adored pelfe,
 And had not Mortals curse blest thee and I
 Hadsweld with honour and nobility.
 My love once fixt on vertue, parents hate
 In both, might shake, but ne're everts loves state.
 I aime at vertues blisse, and if I finde
 The heart and bosome good, I slight the rinde.
 But since *Bellama*, thou regardst not me,
 I scorne to cringe, adore, and flatter thee.
 For he that rules his thoughts, has a nobler soule,
 Than he that awes the world from Pole to Pole.
 Thus, Faire, adiew, with love these measures scan,
 And know my love was but a fit of man.

Wee'll leave *Albino* in this phrentick mood,
 And view *Bellama* parged ore with feare,
 Asking a member of her sister-hood,
 (For love and vertues unto her most deare)
 Amongst their sportings, and their chaste delights,
Wherefore Albino did refraine their lights.

Barraba (her the Font those letters gave)
Sayd, I presume, I rightly guesse the cause,
Bellama urg'd (thankes to the pur-blinde knave)
'Tw as thus, quoth she, yet made a two-dayes pause,
At length with importanings over-come,
She told her why *Albino* kept at home.

Bardino did deceive his trust, quoth she,
Told all, yet sung another song to him,
His love came lapt in paper unto thee,
He with quaint words did his affections lim,
Vowd service, but *Bardino* (ah the shame!)
Unclaspt his secrets to our jealous dame.

Am I an Infidell? or dare I tye,
Quoth faire *Bellama*, unto this, belief?
Shall just revenge in my soft bosome dye?
And shall I melt my heart with secret grieve?
Ile scold with him, Sayes chaste *Barraba*, no:
For by that, others will your wishes know.

What she should doe (plung'd in this depth of wee)
Bellama knew not, nor durst counsell aske,
More dangers waither, if she send or goe,
Than if she underwent *Alcides* taske.
Distracted were her thoughts in silence tyde,
Till love and honour buzzed, then she cryde,

Ah false *Bardino*! shame of holy Orders!
Whither, ah! whither didst thou send thy troth?
To be grand factor in the frozen borders,
For them whose deckes doe make old Ocean froth?
And truthelesse thou, lockt in this gloomy Cell,
Plotst basenesse to enlarge the crowne of hel.

Vnjust

Vnjust Bardin', unworthy of a cope,
 Or (whose employments holy) other vest,
 Didst, oh didst thy conscience scoure with sope?
 And wast all faith from off thy glazed breast?
 And faithlesse thou esteemest lesse of vow,
 Than clownish whistlers, which do steer the plow.

Where didst incage thine eyes? durst thou behold
 (Acting this crime) the castle of the starres?
 How stopst thine ears? didst heare the heavens scold,
 And clide in winde and thunder, threatening warres?
 Durst touch the hallowd water, spittle, salt,
 The Crosse or Pax, and yet attempt this fault?

Those sacred Bagno's wherein Pagans wash
 Their sullyd limbes for their Moschea's dore,
 The pottage-penance, and repentant lash,
 The hair-cloth shirt, skin-shooes, & thousand more,
 Th' Arch-vicars pardon, and the purging flame,
 Can ne're absolve thy crime, or cleare thy fame.

Pack then from humane eyes, and shrowd thy sin
 Vnder the curtaines of eternall night;
 Perfidiousnesse does make thee neare of kin
 To hel's black fiends, with robes of horrour dight:
 Pack, pack, be gone, the Ferry-man does stay,
 To waft thy paunch o're th'Acherontick Bay.

But peace Bellama, dost thou think it fit
 To value at so meane a price thy pearle?
 Applaud thy selfe, count it a poynct of wit,
 To take a Cowlist, and refuse an Eagle.
 The world shall be un-centerd, ere 't be sayd,
 Beauty takes lodging in an humble mayd.

What

What then? shall every fashion fashion me?
As in religion, by the Churches eye,
So by the worlds, must I in loving see?
No, I the worlds supremacie deny.
Hence with those loves, which profit only measures
I hate that heart which onely shoots at treasures.

The Cyprian goddesse is not fed with ploughes,
Nor Cupids arrow guided is with acres :
Vulcan permitted was to shake the boughes ;
But Mars suckt in the sweets without partakers.

Youth youth pursues, for with Autumnall lookes
Cupid does seldome bait his eighteen hooches.

Who in pleuretick passions does deny
To open veynes, to shut death out oth'dores?
Who will not in sharp Fevers Galen try,
To weaken humours, and unstopp the pores?
The quickest eye does want the quickning Sun,
And to the Sea the drilling cadents run;

Who, when Sir Cupid enters at the eye,
With pride and coy disdaine shuts comfort forth?
He make ambition stoope, now love sayes I,
And satten thoughts shall vaile to Tammye worth ;
By lovely maides, the lovely loved are,
And by the faire most favourd are the faire,

Thus did she rage, her resolution love,
Which spight of all disasters she will harbour,
Hoping blest fate will so propitious prove,
T'enclose her Monk and her in Cupids Arbour :
But leave her surfeting with hope, and view
When to Monastick yowes shee'l bid adiew.

Till

Till *Cynthia* twice twelue times repaired had
 Her silver hornes, she was incloyster'd here,
 When some kinde planet mov'd her loving Dad
 To fetch her thence, his frosty'd age to cheare;
 Hence virgine vow, away black vestments hurl'd,
Bellama's borne againe into the world.

He with his Lady mounted on his Ien-
 Net, to the Nunnery, with haste does ride,
 Accompany'd with troopes of harness'd men,
 And vowd a siege, if *Pizzell'* denyde,
 To batter downe the holy walles with guns,
 And fright the Hag with all her simp'ring Nuns.

He in an ambush plac't his iron crue,
 Bad them prepare when as the trumpe did call,
 Dismounting then, the Janitor him knew,
 And lead the Lordly couple through the hall,
 Parlours and chambers, to the conclave, where
 The pious Nuns their branched Lillies reare.

Bellama crav'd a blessing, they it gave:
 Then *Rivelazzo* he did softly aske
 If the Monasticke roofe should be her grave?
 If now she grieved for *Don Fucco*'s taske?
 If after two yeares bondage now she would
 Answer more kindly to the voyce of gold?

My Lord, quoth she, with humble knee and voyce,
 I am not tyred with my nice vow,
 Nor hate I *Hymen*, might my eyes make choyce,
 Aske when Ile marry? and Ile answer now.
 A man (quoth he) for face and vertue chuse,
 And on mine honour, I will not refuse.

P'azzella

Of Albino and Bellama.

69

Piazzella fearing that their whispring would
Presage no good unto her huffing waste,
Broke off their parle, and Rivelezzo told
That his faire daughter zealous was and chaste :
And that her minde no evill did attaint,
She almost has attained to be a Saint.

Such high-priz'd comforts, joyes, rewards and glory
Our happy walles en-seele and curtain in,
That we alone survive all prayse and story,
Are call'd Hels tortures, and the whips of sin.
The locall motion of our soules in heaven,
We hate blinde Turcisme, and the Iewish leaven.

Madam, quoth Don, you need no advocate,
Since you your selfe can plead your cause so well,
But that my sexe does interdict this state,
What your words might effect, I cannot tell ;
But sure it does unscrew a virgines hart,
To heare of love, and never feeble his dart.

Madam, forsooth, quoth Lady Arda, I
Ne're found such comfort ith'innupted life,
Nor think the blessings of virginity
Can equall the contentments of a wife.
My voyee should not assent unto her vow,
To wreath with willow sprigs her melting brow.

Quoth Piazzella, I am grieved sore
To heare such scandals thrown upon our vow,
To heare Diana, whom all ought to adore,
And her chaste votaries depraved now.
I know not what contents attend a wife,
But sure they equall not th'innupted life.

Againg

Again, your honours you doe much impeach,
 To force your daughter from this happy state;
 Twixt her and happiness you make a breach,
 And pull upon your heads a cursed Fate.

Heavens un-buckle will their clowds of raine,
 Death or diseales, if you part our traine.

The body's better than the sheathing skin,
 And ought with greater care to be maintain'd,
 The guest is farre more worthy than the Inne,
 And ought with greater study to be traind.

The soule mounts heaven, when earrhs aged womb
 The Skeleton(her issue) does entombe.

Away with arguments, in vain you plead,
 Our vow (quoth they) lockt not her girdle ever,
 I (quoth Pazzella) doe abjure the Tede,
 Hymen shall ne're my holy orders sever:

But spite of all the trickes the world does nurse,
 He keepe my virgines from the bridall curse.

Without demurres, *Don Rivelez* then
 With shrill voyc't trumpet made an echo speake,
 Straight was the house environed with men,
 Which with their leaden gleabes an entrance break:
 The aire was frighted with the powder-thunder,
 The bellowing noyse did split the rocks in sunder.

Affrighted thus, the Matrone bid them gang,
 And to *Bellama* gave a sad adiew:
 Yet in her heart she grypt with Envies fang,
 And o're her lookes a vaile of sorrow drew.

The joyfull parents having got their daughter,
 Gave a farewell unto the house with laughter.

Leaving

of Albino and Bellama.

71

Leaving the Coach and Cloyster, wee'l take part
With poore Albino in his woe and griefe,
Who seeing Fortune his designes did thwart,
And Neptunes grand-child brought him no reliefe :
Did think to win her presence in disguise :
He that but one way tries is hardly wise. ¶

He plotted to invest himselfe with robe
Might speak him nobly borne, and gallant haire,
To some waste measures of this wealthy globe,
Seated aloft in honour's Ovall chaire:
Procure him then some store of laced capes,
To wait on him with servile garbes and shapes

Pretending to be one oth' Spanish court,
Giving strange accents to our moderne speeche,
And hither came, his wandring minde to sport,
But that he faces lackt to tune each breech.
Besides, he knew the Matrones care was such,
She love untwisted in the eye or touch.

Then a new project did he get on's braine,
And sheard the downy mossie from his smooth chin,
Intending to be one oth' Virgine-traine,,
Like Jupiter huskt in a female skin:
But that he feard religion could not bridle,
His active heate twixt linnen to be idle.

He thought his breaking voyce would him betray,
Unlesse he said, he ever had a cold :
He feard the curtefie and the female play,
Or that his face would make him seeme too old :
But above all, he feard he should not lock
His legges within the compasse of a smock.

In

In costly vesture he would be arrayde,
Of high discent, and fearing lest his Sire
Would force him to an hated pillow, strayd
With them to teene the holy vestall fire.

He would be nobly borne, not out of pride,
But to be sheeted by *Bellama's* side.

He had no treasure, but would promise faire,
That settled there, he should be fed in state,
Hoping to win the porter with knde aire,
That with *Bellama* he might thread the gate.

He all would venture, and upon this plot,
Would place his fortunes, and the *Gordian* knot.

In such accoutrement he vailed was,
That to himselfe *Albino* was not knowne,
He looked for *Albino's* face ith glasse,
But nothing of himselfe t'himselfe was showne:
Each way a mayd enricht with speciall grace,
As though he had unflowr'd *Adonis* face.

He stil'd himselfe *Phaeliche*, onely childe
To him, who at that time was *Folto's* Duke,
And was so like to her, whom he was stil'd,
That she could scarcely say twas not her look;
For what's o*f If'a* and her picture writ,
Was found in them, they taskt the Poets wit.

Vnto this Virgine-cage she fast did pace,
And knocking at the gate, the Porter came,
Who seeing riches on her back and face,
With humble voyce desir'd to know her name.

My name (good friend) quoth she, *Phaeliche* is,
I come to taste your choyce Monastisk blisse'

Madam,

of Albino and Bellama.

73

Madam, Avaro sayd, our rubbish stone
With cement joyned shall pretious straight be made,
In that they shall enspheare so faire an one.
Phaeliche smiling at the porter, sayd,

Hath time with Iron jawes eat out this pare,
Which now these Masons do repaire by Art.

And truth it was, Phaeliche (Folco's heire)
Flying the disaster of an hated Tede,
Coucht in disguises at a cottage bare:
(But how? when? where? task not my amorous ledes)
So that Pazzella's faith writ on her brow,
The noble treasures of Phaeliches vow.

Not time it was, but an unhappy houre,
The porter sayd, we had a vertuous faire,
Daughter unto a man of mighty power,
(So like your selfe, I think you sisters are)
How largely flattery has dispersit song,
That it does oyle and smooth a porters tongue.

Bellama hight, by her uncourteous syre
Fetcht hence who when my Lady did deny,
Begirt our holy walles with sulphure fire,
And summond harkest men which close did lyce,
They with their leaden worlds at us did play,
And frighted (as you see) these stones away.

Phaeliche knowing that her Adamant,
Th'impulsiye cause of this her virgin-yow,
Was vanish't thence, and gleames of joy did want,
And wanning sorrow reveld on her brow.
Scarce could she speak, & every joynting trembled,
Yet feare'd the Porter, and her feare dissembled.

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The pleasing Historie

Pazzella and the virgines her esteem'd,
 Seeing her feature, and un-equald grace,
 Before they knew his parentage, or deem'd
 He was descended from high *Folco's* race;
 But knowing that, their joyes did swell so high
 That griefe for sorrow sinkt aside to cry.

But ere the next dayes Sun, to let out day
 Nights Ebon box unlockt, she did not brook
 To heare their private whispers, talke, and pray,
 Erect the host, and kisse a gilded booke:
 For, her, *Bellama* has possessed solely,
 So that their water could not make her holy.

In stead of Virgin-mother, she would say,
 My dearest Lady, heare my sad complaint,
 Nor to the Saints would she devoutly pray,
 'Cause none but her *Bellama* was a Saint
 Unto *Loretta*, as *Bellama* she sweares,
 And calls their holy water but her teares.

She wondred oft how her *Bellama* did
 Two yeares continue in this hated cell;
 And in her thoughts she often-times her chid,
 For dwelling where but formall good does dwell,
 Since in her absence she could scarce abide
 To sojorn here a double eventide.

Her braines acquainted was no whit with floath,
 But plotted how she might escape that Tayle,
 And to this end she vowd her virgin-oath
 Should for her quick returning put in hayle:
 She thought her breach of virgin-oath no sin,
 Because she onely wore the formall skin.

She

She mist, in ransacking her Cabbinet,
A pretious jewell farre exceeding rare,
Which on her brow the Lady Dutchesse set,
As a true pledge of her indulgent care,
Far richer than that pearle which Egyptes Queens,
Quast to her marke dissolv'd in liquor keepe.

But for all this, a curious fit of man,
Did force her, for assay, to enter in,
To see if fasting did their Rosies wan,
Or folly led not in the *Paphian* sin,
Thinking her wit could manumisie her streight,
From that lank cloyster, by some nimble sleight.

This she pretended to have lost, as she
(Fainted with feares, and with her travails tyred)
In the coole shade of a well-haired tree,
Threw water on her joynts with labour fird:
For heavens parch the ayre with hotter rayes,
When with his flaming tongue the dog-star bayes

Madam, quoth she, with feigned teares and sigh,
Grant me your licence to go seek my Gem,
The place of my repouſe is but nigh,
Swore by those fires that did enlighten them.

By her virginitie and virgin-vow
Returne ere time could pace a triple now.

Quoth Piazzella, I will ſend a maid
To ſeek your jewell out with ſtudied care,
Direct her to the shade, wherein you stayd,
For you forbidden are the common ayre;
Our gardens beautifide with Maya's glee,
Your farriest journey muſt and ought to bee?

She urg'd again, but all in vaine she askt,
 The Prioress remembred still the Earle,
 And feard Phæliche his departure maskt
 Vnder pretence of seeking for a pearle:

And more suspicous thoughts unto her came,
 'Cause she so often kist Bellama's name.

She seeing that this plot did want a stampe
 To make it currant passe, like lawfull coynes,
 Fear'd her departure from this lanky came,
 And vowd to try the virgines skill at foynes:

Yet ere she would attempt that amorous play,
 She would attempt escapes some other way.

She veiwed the casements, and did boldly wrench
 With courage masculine, the squared barres,
 But they did scorne the vigour of a wench,
 Like sturdy Okes which slight the windy jarres.

Nay more, deepe waters did begirt them round,
 That from the glasse he could not see the ground

Then on the porter did she kindly smile,
 And by full tale gave free respects to him,
 Thinking to gull Avaro by this wile,
 Joyned with language, oyld, perfum'd and trim,
 Quoth she thy trust and skill I must employ,
 And for thy paines thou shalt have treasures hoy.

The greedy Porter like a Goshauke seaz'd
 With griping tallons on this Pheasant Cock:
 Madam, sayes he, my skill is not diseas'd,
 Nor dwells dissembling with the honest frock,
 Disclose your secrets, and be sure, if man
 Can doe you service, then Avaro can.

of Albino and Bellama.

77

Phæliche then, as prologue to her suit,
Gave him a purse full fraught with pseudo-gold,
Told him her bounty brought no worser fruit,
If in th'achievement hee'd be true and bold.

Thou must some evening let me passe the gates,
And straggle halfe a mile to gather dates.

Madam, Ile do't, it is a small request,
Since you doe merit better at my hand;
If fortune be propitious to my hest,
You on the common shore this night Ile land:
My hands have eyes, and onely what they see
Will they beleeve: give me my mintedfee.

Phæliche then plukt out a silken purse,
Great, and as musicall as th'other was,
Pretending it was stuft with metall curse,
Wher'nt onely was with circled ragges of glasse;
Which purposely she did with Diamonds cut,
To gull the Porters hopes, and fill his gut.

Heavens argment your store, Madam, quoth he,
Ile wait you at the middle age of night;
Come to my lodge, and softly call for me:
This handsome cheat Phæliche did delight
To couzen the deceivers is no fraud,
To use a Pinape, and cheat a rusty Bands.

She scarcely knew what letters spelled grieſe,
For all her thoughts with regal crowns were wreath'd
Yet 'mongſt them all, Bellama rul'd as chiefe:
At time of rest her body ſhe unsheathe'd,
And hous'd within thelinnen walles her lims,
Till night and ſleepe did their quick tapers dim.

E. 3.

Avaro.

*Auaro (when dayes sisters mistie fog
Had popped out Apollo's searching eye,
And gen'rall silence humane tonges did clog,
Locking all sences up with Lethargie)*

Stept to his purses, and began to thinke
How he should order his beloved chinke.

*Hee'd hang his lodge with Arras, weav'd with gold,
That his successour there might sleepe in state,
Or else, if some revenues would be sold,
Hee'd give them Darwey bought at any rate,
That all the Nuns with prayers and holy names,
Might fetch his soule from out the purging flames.*

*He mend high-wayes, or hospitalls repaire,
Else build a Colledge, and endow't with mines.
Thus did he build his castles in the aire :
For all's not cash that gingles, gold that shines,
His glassie coyne leap out of the mint,
Ere on his brow the stamp did currant print.*

*Thus was he guld, as once a king of France
Payd a French Mounseur for a prauincing steed,
Gave him a purse whose richnesse did enhance
Th' inclosed gem, suppos'd a noble meed;
But when for golden mountaines he did gipe,
He op't the purse, and onely found a rape.*

*Oh what full anger redded ore his lookes!
What tides of rage and fury sweld his spleene!
He curseth her with candles, belles, and bookees,
And vowd ere long on her to wreak his teern.*

*Ah me! quoth he, such brittle things are lasscs,
Which one poore letter changeth unto glisscs.*

Phæliche

Phæliche now perceiving all was quiet,
 Hearing no noyse, unlesse a belly-blast,
 Which might proceed from an unwholesome dyer,
 Tyde her apparell on with nimble haste;
 And comming to the lode with knuckle knock,
 She strove to summon out the lazie frock.

But the grim Tartar was so soundly luld
 Without a dram of Opium steept in Ale,
 Tyred with vexing that he was so guld,
 That all Phæliches rappings nought availe,
 Till vexed with demurres she knockt so lowd,
 It rais'd a thunder like a breaking clowd.

Just at that instant did Pazzill awake
 From an affrighting dreame, wherein she saw
 A dreadfull Lion her Phæliche take,
 And teare her body with his sharped paw:
 And hearing this shrill noyse, feare sayd twas true,
 Danger did threaten her Monastick crue.

Her frostied limbes she heaved out of bed,
 And sheld her body in her night apparell,
 Arming her hands with pistols stufft with lead,
 Which anger firing, with the aire did quarrell;
 And groping in the dark, her foot did slip,
 Which out oth' barrels madethe bullets skip.

Phæliche at that thunder-clap amaz'd,
 With haste retired from the Porters cell,
 And meeting her, on one another gaz'd,
 The Porter starting up, did ring the bell;
 The virgins shrecket, which all made shurnures shull
 Like Irish bubbubs in pursuite of ill.

When reason somewhat had becalmd their rage,
 The Abbate & Phæliche sharply checkt :
 Madam, sayes she, I onely came t' allwage
 Intestine heates, which all my body deckt
 In scarlet dye, and being much appald,
 With frisking Fairies I the Porter cald.

Goe, goe, you are a wanton girle quoth she,
 That fain would tempt my Porter unto folly,
 Madam, Phæliche sayd, you injure me,
 Sure, if lascivious I had been so jolly,
 I might have met with many men more able,
 Before I did invest my selfe with sable.

Oh madama, madam, mad *Avaro* cryde,
 Why, do you think she could o'recome your frock?
 I ne're did yeeld, yet have been often tryde,
 My courage hath withstood a greater shock. (gates,
 Yet sure she would — she would have past the
 The reason why? forsooth to gather dates.

I am afraid your dukedom, girle does long,
 Not for the Porter, he is out of date ;
 But for an oyly Cavalier that's strong,
 May teach her virginship a mothers fate.

Madam, look well, see if you misse no glasse,
 I'me sure with brittle coyne she guld an Aſſe.

Then told the story : *Piazzella* fretted,
 This is the Jewell which you would have sought,
 When in all haste from hence you would have jetted
 What your intendments were, my wiſdome thought,
 He have no gadders; and t'allay your heat,
 I have a dyet will prevent a ſweat.

In a retyred roome she lockt her up,
Devoyd of lustfull mates with her to play;
Allowd her pulse, and juice of clouds to sup,
And bad her scores of *Ave Maries* say.

Three artificiall dayes she lodged there,
Where every day to her did seeme a yeare.

When she had paid this penance for her crime,
Which in her judgement was accounted bad,
She was again amongst the virgines prime,
On promise that she would not henceforth gad.
Yet still she plotted, but where ere she went,
The angry destinie thwarted her intent.

Then from *Bellam'* since walls did her en-cell,
She thought t' employ her talent to the best:
One of the vitgines had some vogliarell,
And earnestly desir'd with her to rest.
Who ere the morne did *Piacinto* sing,
And wore her blushes on her ruby'd ring.

Next night she chose another, then another;
Her curious palat so to novels stood,
That every one had hope to be a mother,
And neare of kin, unitid in one blood.
But yet, alas! this pleasure lasted not,
Their virgine-girdles could not keepe their knot.

Not many forth nights after they had tooke
These physick potions from their Doctors eynes,
One told her folly by her meage looks;
Another had more blew than on her vevere,
Others were qualmish, and another long,
All spake their pleasures, yet all held their tongues.

The pleasing Historie

One long'd for Citrons, and another grapes
 That grew on Alps steepheight, others for peaches:-
 One strangely did desire the rayles of Apes
 Steeped in juyce of Mirtles, holmes and beaches.

Some palats must be fed with implum'd Quailes,
 And nothing must approach this tongue but rayls.
 (oysters,

Some long'd for Creevish shrimps, Cods, Plaice and
 One for a Limmond that doth grow on tho'nes,
 Another longeth for some blood of Roysters,
 Spic't with the scrapings of pale Cynthia's hornes,
 One on the bosome of the Matrone skips,
 And spight of her full nose did gnaw her lips.

One had them fill an Orke of Bacchus water,
 Her thirsty soule she sayd would dreane a tun,
 One from her window bids a poore translater
 Cut her a cantell of the gawdie Sun:
 But above all, I like that witty girl,
 Which long'd to feed upon a glorrah Earle.

The jealous matrone with suspitious eye,
 Did read their common ill in every face,
 Espyde the breach of their virginity,
 And fear'd a plantage with an infant race.
 Yet still suspect her knowledge, till at last
 Their heaving bellies kist their thickned waste.

She then with friendly summonings did call
 The grave Lord Abbor, and his smooth-chin race,
 Who coached came unto the virgin-hall,
 But all the rabble through the vault did pace:
 Arrived here, she cooked dainty cates,
 To please the Abbor, and his Tempo-pates.

of Albino and Bellaria.

33

Socall'da counsell 'bout her quondam maids,
Each one admiring who durst be so bold,
Since none had entrance,nor the virgines strayd,
And for the Porter he was known too cold:
The Pryor feard lest one of his square caps
Should guilty be of those up-heaving laps..

It was decreed that they all should be
Shreev'd,being sejoyned from each others ken,
But ere that time the teemers did decree,
What answer to return the shreeving men:
Pbeliche did instruct them to deny.
That she gave birth unto their pregnancie.

But they shoule say, and to that saying seale,
With strong asseverations, that into
Our fast-lockt roome a youthfull blade did steale,
And with the best of wooing did us wnoe:
Our cases are the same with Merlins mother,
Wee think our lover was his fathers brother.

Twas one mans act, or cleath'd with humane shape,
He was Angelicall, and this we thought,
Because there was no semblance of a rape:
We gave him our assent as soone as sought.
We judg'd un-maiding better in the darke,
Than Daphne-like, an husking ore with bark.

The shreevers to their Lordes returnde with smiles,
And on their lookes a joy oyall chriots had,
Sayd,they confessed them with zeale and wiles,
And by a plain narration knew the daies:
One of those ever-youthfus came from heaven,
And in the virgins wombes did lay a leaven.

The

The Abbot at this newes did much rejoice,
Since with a kinde aspect the virgine Ladie,
Viewing this Nunry, did ordaine this choyce,
And for the issue did appoint this dadee,

They shall be Prophets, Priests, of high renowne,
And Virgins which shall keep their bellies down.

Provide them child-bed linnen, mantles, swaddles,
Rockers and Nurses, all officious shees,
With Rattles, Corals, little Carres and Cradles,
And give them beads to wait upon their knees,
Romes high Arch-vicar shall a testate bee,
To the first borne whom nature makes a hee.

Take pens, & smooth-strain Anthems write in bayes,
Make new Orizons unto all the Saints,
And to *Lucina* chaunt invoking layes,
To move her pitty these young mothers plaints
Say, her faire temple need not feare the flame,
Whilſt here she wins her an eternall fame.

*Phe*liche smil'd to see their studied care
To foster whom she at her pleasure got:
But *Piazetta* starting from her chaire,
Called *Phe*liche to survey her knot,
And finding it as at the first 'twas tyde,
How scaped you this Goddy Sire she cryde?

Madam, quoth He-*Phe*liche, I confesse,
I was a party in those spruce delights;
But nature curseth some with barrennesse,
As I have heard *Albertus Magnus* writes.

So that though my desires were full as bigge,
I was not heaved with that curtaine jigge.

Braſon

Reason fortasse's on her words did stampe,
 Which did en-truth the (thogh they were but squibs.)
 This done, the Prior did remove his campe,
 And all the Friars with hemp-girdled ribs,
 All great with expectation, and as faine
 Would be deliverd as the full-flankt traine.

They sung *Canzone*'s ere the Sun could rise,
 And *Ave-Maries* out of number sayd,
Lucina wondred at this strange disguise,
 That Nuns and Monkes to her devoutly prayd :
 All Beades were ratled, and all Saints invoked,
 Some squeald, some tenourd, and some hoarsly
 (crooked,

With this conceit *Phæliche* frolique grew,
 And sported bravely in the silenthoures,
 Her bed-mates calld her *Angell*, yet none knew
 That 'twas *Albino* which had cropt their flowres:
 But though they reveld in the night, the day
 Threw hail-storms on their lust, to chill their play.

Yet had their pleasure not a grand-sire life :
 For tatling slumbers did their joyes untone,
 You vowd *Phæliche*, I should be your wife,
 Sayes *Cloe*, ere you loos'd my virgine-zone :
 But ah! so wak't, and feard her vocall slumber,
 Would from her eye-lids force a *Trent & Humber*.

Sayes *Phill*, *Phæliche*, had I knowne at first,
 You onely wore the name of *Folco*'s daughter,]
 I would have suffred an untamed thirst,
 Ere lust had brought mine honour unto slaughter :
 But oh! and starting up, she fear'd her dreame,
 Would ere 'twas long, obscure joyes mirthful gleame.
 Well,

Well, well, sayes *Floris*, tis an happy change,
 To loose mine honour for an Angell-mate,
 But Angels will not house in such a grange,
 This is the off-spring of *Pheliches* pate:

But ah! so sigh't, and sighing caused feares,
 Lest her plump Rosies should be plow'd with tears

Yet you must know the virgins did not use
 To blab their private actions in a dreame,
 But that the cunning Matrone did infuse
 Some atomes of the *Quiris* into creame,
 And ere they were inclos'd in *Somnus* armes,
 She drenckt their phansies in these liquid charmes.

Then with un-sealed eyes she made her eares
 Keep privie watch to intercept their talke,
 Yet would have washt her knowledge out with tears
 And wisht it written in her minde with chalke:

One while she thankt the God of slumber, then,
 Her curses threw him downe to *Pluto's* den.

But when *Aurora* in her Tissue veste,
 Mantled with blushes, rose from *Titbons* side,
 And through a casement of th'adored East,
 Sent *Phosphorus* to usher in her pride,
 Ere *Phæbus* our horizon did array,
 With silver glitter of the blooming day.

She snatcht her termers from the sweet embrace,
 And golden fetters of deaths elder brother,
 Bidding them hence those deadding slumbers chase,
 To implore the favour of the Virgin-mother.

They starting up with more than common speed,
 Each sheld her body in her modest weed.

So cal'd to chappell those whose pregnant wombes
The Angels pills had heav'd above their waistes,
Like to a surfeit taine of Hybla's combes,
When we are too indulgent to our tastes:-

But left Phæliche out to cut or sue,
Or to embroider with the lankee crue,

Which made a sudden faintnesse loose each part,
And every joyn't was like an Aspin leafe,
Her rosie twins retired to her heart,
Her lookes were colourd like a Sun-burnt sheafe,
As the stiffe bristles of an aged Boare,
Were her smooth lockes which ore her cheeks sene
(wore.

And juster cause had none than she to feare,
For as from quiet slumber she awoke,
She heard the prisick pick Pazzella's eare,
That she had knowledge of what Floris spoke,
And now she dounreed all wold come to th' scanning
Their longing, swelling, and their sudden wanning.

The Virgines wondred at Phæliches change,
To see her eyes fixt in a white-lim'd wall,
Each feard herselfe, and each conceiv'd twas strange:
Lest the disease was Epidemicall,
That Merlins unkle chang'd Phæliches hue,
And streakt their temples with a purple blew.

But leave her sighing with these sterile Dames,
Wee'l crowd into the house of sacred vowedes;
Where consciousness begetting female shames,
Spred scarlet carpets on their cheeke and browes,
They lookt and blusht, & glanc't on one another,
Each curs'd the misure which drd dub her, Mother.

The

The holy brethren through the mouldy pipe
 At that same time did unexpected come,
 To know if th' goddy issue yet was ripe,
 To give adiew unto their skin-seeld home.
 But viewing still their wombs with zealous hands,
 They prayd *Lucina* to unty their bands.

Their chaunting dead, the Abbatesse began,
 Brethren, you see what sad misfortune haps
 Vnto my virgines by the oyle of man;
 Witnesse the heaving of their spongie paps:
 We of an Angel dream'd; but if he was,
 He shall hereafter for an evill passe.

I made their slumbers vocall, so they told
 Twas Folco's Dukes supposed daughters worke,
 Larv'd with that name, it seemes some Royster bold
 Them to un-virgin cunningly did lurke.
 But since tis so, the proverbe shall stand good,
Tart fawces must be mixt with lushious food.

I knew him to be wanton, and to chill
 The raging heat of his unbridled lust,
 I doom'd him three dayes penance, judg'd an ill
 Would make him sable sle, as the Summers dust.
 But since that faild, dayes shal be chang'd to years,
 Minutes to months, till payd his tribute teares.

Ile try if griefe will drean his melting reines,
 And hang a crutch upon his able back:
 If sorrow will unbloud his swelling veines,
 And make his sinewes, shrike with famine, crack:
 Ile make a purgatory, where, with hunger,
 Frost, flame, & snow, Ile tame my virgin-monger.

He give command, a dungeon shall be made,
To whose close wombe the Sun shall never pry,
Nor *Cynthiadare* to peepe : for gloomy shade
Like clowdy night shall purblinde every eye:

Bare measure four-foot broad, and for the height
'T shall make him by constraint, not, court Iye
(sleight.

A bed-stead hewn out of the craggy rock,
Not archit with Cedar wainescoar, knobd with gold,
His bed no shrinker, but a sturdy flock :
Swans shall not be aplum'd his limbes t'infold :
Nor curtainid with the travails of the loome
Of poore *Arachne* ere she had her doome.

I will not spend the ransome of a crowne
For curious dainties to delight his taste :
He fetch no fowles from off the *Parthian* downe,
Or *Phenicopter* for luxurious waste.

I will no Mullet from *Corsica* take,
Oysters from *Circes*, or the *Lucrine* lake.

I will allow him porrage thickt with bran,
Of barley meale a chenix every day :
A soveraigne diet for a frolique man
That is affected with the *Parthian* play :
And lest his stomach should too cholricke grow,
I will affoord him some congealed snow.

The bald-pate crew this penance well approoy'd,
And in a trice all things she ready got :
So well she stird her stumps (as it behoov'd)
She being hatcher of this starving plot,
This done, with friendly words and courteous aire,
She cal'd *Phæliche* to her house of prayer.

It sutes not with your greatnesse, Madam faire,
 Being sole daughter to so great a man,
 To lodge with those which your inferiours are,
 As much as is an inch unto a span,
 And I'me afraid the Duke will fume and sweare,
 Should but your lodging step into his eare.

Madam, quoth she, you harbour needless feares,
 Goodnesse, not greatnesse, differenceth maids,
 My father's no Tobaceonist, and sweares
 In poynt of honour, like our scarlet blades:
 And, by my faith, it more contenteth me,
 To sheet with maidens, though of mean degree.

I am surcharged with the black-hew'd cholair,
 Which strikes my phansie with most ugly shapes,
 I durst not rest a darknesse for a dollar,
 Without a pillow-friend to seare those Apes:

Let Cloe with conceits my spirit swing,
 Or melancholy will my Requiem sing.

You shall sayes she, have Sesameideffe,
 For all intreats are of too dull a print,
 We must respect your fathers worthinesse,
 His honour must your love and passions stint,

And your owne worth must highly be regarded,
 How shall I else expect to be rewarded?

Then did she take her by the tender hand,
 And led her to her grot in princely state,
 She feard not much, nor did her will withstand,
 Judging divorceement was her harshest fate:

But when she saw the entrance was so narrow,
 A sudden feare did eat up all her marrow.

Pazzella

of Albino and Bellama.

91

Pazzella viewing her supposed Lasse,
Repented her of her intended ill's;
But injuries engraven are on brasie,
And women's joynters are to have their wils.

And lest remorse should chill her angry mood,
Fewell was added by the brother-hood.

Then, sayes she, Madam you behold the cage
Which I prepared for your honours good,
Where you may spend the Autumnne of your age,
Till age and winter have congeal'd your blood.

You may retire to ease, for envy can
Nor dares to say, you're not an able man.

When twice ten circled snakes are crawld away,
You shall enjoy companions masculine,
To give instructions in that youghfull play
Is fed with Ceres and the god of wine:
And if my virgines shall hereafter be
Lascivious given, I will send for thee.

Into this Coven was Phæliche thryst,
With bars and locks the entrance sealed fast,
Now must he pay a deare rate for his lust,
His Curtain-vezzo, and the Corral taste.
Sure, his repentance will be full as deare,
As the Philosophers non tanti were.

Ah foppish Monke! did not Bellama's no,
Give thee a warning-pece, presaging danger,
But thou must headlong rush upon thy woe?
Happy's that man which is to lust a stranger:
If this of dalliance is the constant fee,
Let them d—dally that doe lust for me.

Here,

Here, when the barking star his scepter wav'd,
 When in our clyme we feele an *Ethiope's* heat,
 An under-vault the subtile matrone pav'd,
 With fire and flame to force a constant sweat ;
 That as from flowres, hot Limbecks water still,
 So by this stove from him sweat-currents drill.

Then for the winter season she provided
 A melting cloud full fraught with feathred raine,
 (Whose curious art the aire-borne clouds derid))
 Which through some oylet holes might passage gain.
 His cabine should have beene like Alps cold hight
 Mantled and strewed ore with winters white.

And twas so darke I cannot see to write :
 Nay, at a non-plus it all pencils sets ;
 Twas helles epitomy, the cage of night,
 Wal'din with pitch, and roofed ore with jets.
 The Linx at mid-day here would wish for day,
 And Cats without a torch, must grope their way.

But leave him labyrinth'd, and thus distrest,
 And see *Bellama*, and examine how
 She brookes the absence of her bosome-guest ;
 If discontent does revell on her brow,
 It does : for why she dreames, and never sleepes :
 She feeds, and fasts not; laughs, but ever weepes.

Disaster hangs upon *Altino* gyves,
 Sayes she, else Envy keeps him prisoner,
 Or a new Bull does interdict them wives,
 So seales the lips of my petitioner ;
 Else the smirke knave is so devout in pray'r,
 He has no time to kisse the common airc.

But does he love? or is't a fit of mirth?
Which like to childrens fancies soone expire,
Ere language or employment give them birth,
Flashing affections, ag'd like thunder-fire:

His eyes shot Cupids at my yeelding heart,
But his firme breast repeld my feeble dart.

Perchance he judg'd my forwardnesse to love,
By too much curtie and my frequent glances,
So thought in jest my willingnesse to prove,
Not with that sober passion which entrances:

But with lip-love, which to the heart nere sinkes,
And paper-vowes which take their birth from
(inkes.

But stay: does greatnesse use to be deny'd?
Beauty and bravery command a graunt;
Yet might my lookes and carriage plum'd with pride
His humble and entowring Spirit daunt,
Daunt? no: his soule's a temper most divine,
Dares soare aloft to kisse the Suns neare shine.

Then love he does: but must this action, Wooe,
Be tyde by patent onely unto men?
Some unsreqmented paths of love Ile goe,
And in some riddles court him by my pen:
Yet first to th' Abbey Ile dispatch a post,
To make enquiry where my Monke doth heft.

The Merchant is not with desires so bigge,
When as he plowes the Seas for Indian mines,
With flower steps the soanes of Bacchus trigge
To Sack-shops for the French and Spanish wines.

Then she to Tagus bids her servant goe
To Croftfull Abbey where her wishes grow,

Gone

Gone is the messenger, but small successe
 Waites on his travailes, for he back returns,
 With Madam, where *Albino*'s none can guesse,
 They thinke his ashes are inclos'd in urnes :

For time, say they, has counted forthnights many,
 Since his choyce feature obje& was to any.

This answer shot an hail-storme at her heart,
 Whose sudden chilnesse jelly'd all her blood,
 Sh'applyed *Holco* to unscrew the dart,
 But her assyments brought her little good :

For but *Albino* none can cure her ill,
 Not Physick potions, or the druggards skill.

Ah me! Has Fate my deare *Albino* tane?
 Then farewell Musick, and your spricing trade,
 Either my teares shall body him againe,
 Or send my ghost to wayt upon his shade :

For she is judg'd a light unconstant lover,
 Whose flame the ashes of negle&t can cover.

Have you beheld how, when the moores and marsh
 Belch vapours to blemish bright Titans eye,
 They with his rayes wage conflicts long and harsh,
 Confining them unto their proper sky,
 (Bribed perchance by envious night to wrap
 Day and his champion in his sooty lap.)

So that to us appeares not Sun nor day,
 And onely faith perswades us there is both,
 Till day and Sun call in each straggling ray,
 And force a passage spight of fume and froth;
 Yet then the day but newly seemes to dawne,
 And ore the Sun a vaille of Cypress drawne.

Iust

Iust so diseasing sorrow, arm'd with teares,
Sighes and black melancholy vaild her face,
So that no ray of lovelinesse appaeres,
And onely faith perswades us she has grace :
Her eyes retyr'd, her double blush was wan'd,
Her lockes dissever'd, and her Lillies tan'd.

And as in her which arted lookes does ware,
Men looke for natures steps, and cannot trace her,
Since she by nature nothing lesse than faire, (her,
Hath purchas'd from the shaps such worth to grace
Thogh feule, now faire & sleek, thogh age did plow
And made long furrowes in her cheek and brow.

So knowledge here was in a maze, the eye,
That knew Bellaria, did Bellama seek,
And looking on her, nothing could descry,
Spake her Bellama or in eye or ckeeke.

To loves harsh lawes she gave such constent duty,
Shad onely left an Anagram of beauty.

She threw her selfe upon her conch of ease,
And marshald all her thoughts in just arayes,
This brought small comfort, that did hardly please,
And in that thought despaire the scepter swayes,
Yet thought she not death could a period set,
Vndeſſe he did ſome ſtrange advantage get.

Hee's young and lusty, every veine does well
With Aque-vitæ, corall juyce of life,
His ſkill in Magick elſe can frame a ſpell,
To diſtance meagre death and Atrops knife:
Yet love gives birth to feare, Ile ſend to ſearch
The Lions flinty bed, and Vultures pearch.

I and

I and my woman will attend the quest,
 Vaild in disguises of some country Lasses:
 No state-distinction, for my humble breast
 Shall leave all pride with silks, perfumes and glasses;
 And if with *non inventus* we returne,
 Ille *Venus* witchcraft hate, and *Cupid* spurne.

When as the soveraigne of the day had drawne
 A vaile of brightnesse ore the twinkling lampes,
 And threw on *Cynthia*'s brow a double lawne,
 Clearing the welkin from benighting dampes,
 They in the habits of a milking maid,
 (All but skin-linnen) did their beauties shade.

And in these course attires they hasted out
 To seeke *Albino*, through each wood and plaine,
 Whom we will leave to pace the world about,
 And see *Phaeliche* wet with eye-lid raine,
 Whose bondage was the greater, since despaire
 Blasted all hopes which promis'd her the aire.

The brazen Bull, Strappado, or the rack,
 The Faggot-torture, and the piked barrell,
 Ballanc't with his degrees of sorrow lack,
 Tis with a bull-rush to decide a quarrell:
 The famine wherewithall the Thracian knight
 Was sent to *Pluto* wants a little weight.

He that stole fire fro th' Chariot of the Sun,
 Whose liver's vulture gnawne at *Caucasus*:
 He that the counsels of the gods un-spun,
 Like wantons eyes stone-rowling *sy' phus*,
 Hold best proportion with these sharped woes,
 Which sterne misfortune on *Phaeliche* throwes.

She

of Albino and Bellama.

97

She that was glutted with most curios cates,
Had every pleasure to content her lust,
Who had command ore Fortune, and the Fates,
Now sups up pulse, and gnawes a fleeced crust.
She that had many girles, is now alone,
And of so many cannot compasse one.

Had I a fansie steep in sorrowes brine,
Invention witty in the threnes of woe,
Could sad experience dictate every line,
A dearth of words would to my muse say no.
I may as well go fathome all the spheares,
As measure her disasters, count her teares.

Oft on remembrance of that harmlesse blisse,
Which (coaped) she enjoyd, her thoughts wold feed
Of on Bellama's beauty, touch and kille,
Till stricken dead with thought of present need.
Then would she raise her thoughts, & hope for day,
And starting up from silence, boldly say,

Despite of Envies vipers, trickes and wiles,
My cradle-play-mate, Mirth, Ile nere forsake,
But taste Sardinian hearbs shall raise up smiles,
Though I was wafting ore the Stygian lake:
Tortures shall nere un-man me, but Ile be
Albino, malice, spite of her and thee.

Delayes oft-times from times secluded parts
Bring helpe to helplesse not expe^{cting} aid,
Some of the gods will pity these my smarts,
Not suffer them to whet the Sextons Spade.
Or if the gods midst flames then scorpion-like,
Ile gare my breast, and fall on mine owne pike.

F

Yas

Yet had I suffered for a courteous cheare,
These woes shold ne're had power to have rais'd a sorow,
But when mine eyes did in my breast enthroned
Her — her of whom, hell cruelty may borrow.

This is the height of woe, death and diseases,

Nay, hell it selfe, to this compared, pleases,

Yet stay, say Neptunes pallace shal be land,
And this firme ball of earth a liquid brack,
Say the North-pole with Phœbus shall be tand,
And to the South the Lillies shal be black.

Say this, and more, before thou dare to say
Bellaria is Maboun' or Mai bell'i.

No more of this, wee'l for her freedome plot,
A pious Monke perceiving well her smart,
With diligence assayd to purge each spot,
With holy Creuse from her diviner part.

But still her answer was, nor man nor lover,
Nor she, the virgines ankles did discover.

Alas! my brother, I am not a male,
But a weake Sience of the weaker sex
The Ladies spake the truth (micht truth prevaile)
But me with torture Piazell doth vex;
'Cause at my entrance I did promise faire,
Yet't proves court-language, meetly, purely, aire.

But all this time she would not licence daigne
That I three yards behinde shold leavē the gates,
And fumed when I would have left her traine,
T'have sought a jewell, and to gather Dates.

So that the Duke my father ne're had ken
Of my encloystring in this hate-light den.

But

But gainst it now resolving, I intend
 To turne the streme of his misafifcence
 On you deare brother, if you'l be my friend,
 And plot how I may be deliver'd hence:
 Lend your endeyours, and I'll lend my wit,
 Vow faithfullielle, and I will warrantit.

Ile woote my father for his free assent,
 If to your barren Cowle you'l bid farewell,
 That Hymens rites may perfect our content
 By joyfull echo's of the marriage bell.
 'Cause you in person doe resemble him
 Whom 'mongst all men I onely judged trim.

The Monke gave eare unto her winning pate,
 And gazed on her beauty mastpine,
 Whose feature might delude a wiser pate,
 Assisted onely by a rallow-shine:
 For by an unctious salve she kept her chin
 From the haire-mantle of an aged skin.

Madam, sayes he, I judge your language true,
 And to your vowes I dare my credence lace:
 Your virgin-blushes innocence doe shew,
 And modesty is printed on your face.

Faith, truth, and honesty reside with mee,
 My best endevours shall your servants be.

Well, sayes Phæliche, I have now decreed
 (Since Phæbus has forsook our hemisphære)
 To sheath my body in your holy weed,
 Then through the private walk my course will steer,
 So from your holy walles Ile take my flight,
 Or by permission, or in silent night.

The pleasing Historie

And when I am arry'd at *Folco's* towers,
 My Father shall your matchlesse kindnesse know,
 Who, I am sure, will summon all his powers
 To fetch thee from this house of flame and snow:
 And who with much contentment will not brook
 Some three dayes penance to be made a Duke.

For by inheritance the Dukedom's mine,
 When death unabody shall my fathers soule,
 Since no heire-males descended from our line,
 The *Salique* law cannot my right controule.
 And to assure thee that I'me onely thine,
 I sweare by all the powers that are divine.

Then did she circle with enspearing arme,
Conrado's neck, and amorously him lipt,
 Which did the amorist so strongly charme,
 That he with haste out of his vestments skipt,
 And bad *Phaeliche* change, for in good deed,
 He should full well become her virgine weed.

Phaelich undrest, and drest, and having made
 Herselfe a Monke, put on *Conrado's* face,
 And some few minutes with her Monkship playd,
 Then gave a farewell to that hated place.
 But ere her quick dispatch could posther thence,
 Her beauty shot a fire through every sence.

Feare now exilde the confidence hee tyde
 Forc't by affection to *Phaeliche's* words,
 Revokt his promise now, all; ayd denyde,
 And with majestick lookes and gestures lords,
 His flaming lust dissolv'd his pious snow,
 And now his lowd desires will have no No.

of Albino and Bellama.

101

But vowes to dis-encloath her, and to breake
Her virgine-seale,despight offorce or smiles,
Till *Felco* strove, and made his noddle leake
Sardonick liquor to new-paint the tiles,
So hasted out, and to the Matrone gave
The Iron Porter of *Conrado*'s grave.

Imping his haste, he threads the vaulted lane,
Not wounded by his soles, this many a day,
Like those, which, when arraign'd, a pardon gaine,
Dare neither at the gaole nor gallowes stay.
And comming to the posterne gate, he knockt:
Which at devotion time was alwayes lockt.

But when the last *Amen* had silenc't prayer,
The Porter to *Albino* entrance gave,
Who straight was broght unto the judgment chaire,
Where, furd with state, did sit the Abbot grave,
Who sayd, *Conrade*, why was your stay so long?
You mist the Manna of the Even-song.

Pseudo-*Conrado* answerd him, My Lord,
I found *Phaeliche* so opprest with griefe,
That charity commanded me t'affoord,
By learning, prayers and Anthemes some relief.
And truly on my faith, I am perswaded,
A virgine-lady with these weedsis shadded.

I moov'd to pitty by her streaming teares,
Her sighing gales, lowd threnes, and sad laments.
Won by her beauty, and her tender yeares,
Have promis'd ayd, confirm'd by your assents.
And in all halte will tell her fathers grace,
What clowds of woe bennist *Phaeliches* face.

She promis'd me, when as her freedom's scald,
 When she shall re enjoy the glorious light,
 When the sad sentence of her woe's repeald,
 She will be mine in spite of envies might.

Nay more, she from the Dukedom will extract
 Some Lordships to performe a pious act.

Forthwith a Synod of the holy men
 Was call'd to broach the wisedome of their pates,
 The questions were propos'd, Who? what? and when?
 The who is *Folco*'s daughter; what, estates.

The when, so soone as shee by *Folco*'s powers
 Shall shell her body in proud *Gurby*'s towers.

This answer smelt of profit, and did gaine
 The Abbots liking, and his griping crue,
 Sayes he, *Conrado* true content does raigne.
 And triumph in our thoughts, we yeeld to you,
 Successe wayt on thy voyce, for to thy care
 Our wishes, hopes, desires, entrusted are.

Feare not, quoth he, my faith dares warrant all,
 All things are reall, as my words are true;
 My selfe will pace unto faire *Gurby* hall,
 And with empharick language plead and sue:
 So that old *Folco*'s lungs shal crack with laughter,
 To heare me chat the travails of his daughter.

First, she mistrusting that she shoulde forc't
 By his proud nod, unto a hated pillow,
 From folly, *Folco*, Folke herselfe divorc't, *Clow,*
 To twist for scorned mayds, some wreathes of wil.
 How zealously she prayd, and lookt deitirely,
 She is in thought, and word, a virgin surely.

But the conceit is this, who bridles laughter?
 That virgines holy, pure, and Nuns to boot,
 Should chichen with the pilles of Folco's daughter,
 Siug lullaby's, and to *Lucina hoor*,
 To increase the wonder then, & impe his pleasures,
 To Folco Ile present these waggish meatures.

*Bebuld, admire, and some contentment gather
 From Nuns: bat teeme, mand by a virgin-father.*

W Onder and admiration cease to gaze
 On flasing meteors, starres, and comets blaze,
 Let not *Vitruvius*, or th' *Ibonian* beast
 Put *Zul* or *Æina* slide into your breast:
 Ope not your eares unto thole crackes of thunder,
 Whose Canon echo's split the orbes in sunder.
 Lend not your audience to thole fond reports
 Of *Obr'on*, *M'sbell*, and their Fairy sports,
 Nor tyc your credence to the Poets pen,
 Which writes the noble acts of warlike men,
 Of Monsters, Moon-calves, merry games, & maskes,
Atlas stiffe shoulders, and *Alcides* taskes,
 Amazement flies these bables, and does pin
 Faith, eyos, and thoughts, unto this curtaine-fin.
 That a pure virgine should un-virgine others,
 And though a virginc, yet make many mothers:
 Make them heave up, be qualmish, pale, and cry,
 A Mid-wife (hooh) a Mid-wife, else we dye.
 It is an Africke crow, a fable Swain,
 To have a vestall puffed up with man.
 But that so many Nuns un-maydend are,
 B' a Nun without a man, is more than rare.
 The Sybils virgine is not worth a rush,
 And Merlins daother may with envie blash.

These, though they soard above the pitch of reason,
 Yet crost not natures order, course or season,
 For women teemd as women, but a woman
 As man, makes virgines teeme, and yet is no man,
 This—this is object unto fame and wonder,
 Then make each clime with this *Mirandum* thunder.

About this time, night summond them to rest,
 And each repaired to his sturdy bed.
Albino's feares his hopes and joyes supprest.
 But in the rest, content struck sorrow dead:
 They slept untill the bright enlightened aire
 With silver glitter cald them up to prayer.

But our *Albin'* took earlier leave of sleepe,
 And sheath'd his body in his Monkish vests,
 Knockt at his lodge which did the entrance keepe,
 Who, that he could not wake himselfe, protest,
 Thou art some Fury, Hag, or Hob, I troe,
 That boldly at my lodge dost thunder so.

Albiao sayes, what phrensie dampes thy reason?
 Arise, my haste commands a frequent rap.
 Begone, quoth he, entreats are out of season,
 Worshipfull Hob, Ile have another nap,
 Tis not mine houre to rise untill I hearre
 The clapper sound a surge in mine eare.

When our young Monke had many minutes spent,
 And could not *Foppo* from his pillow rearre,
 About that time lights charioter had sent
 Dayes trusty Herbinager his Orbe to cleare.
 He searcht the walls, and traffickt with the lock,
 But all in vaine, he must implore the frock.

Thg

The Chappell-clarke as constant to his houre,
 As is dayes Herald, which at breaking crowes,
 Seeing *Aurara* did his windowes scowre,
 And leapt into his chamber, straight arose,
 Making the shrill-ton'd bell in ecchoes speake,
 Awake and rise to prayer, the day does breake.

Foppo was at that time in *Morpheus* court,
 Where he with apparitions was affrighted;
 The Scœne was chang'd, then came a dainty sport,
 Whose sudden neatnesse every sence delighted,
 Then dreamt *Albine* their runnigado Monke
 Was knocking at his lodge the other *Nunc*.

Then dreamt he saw a table richly spread,
 With all the dainties ryot ever felt:
 All birds of warrant which in woods are bred,
 With Salmon, Mullet, Turbot, Trout and Smelt:
 The Princely-pacing Decree entombd in paste,
 Enbalm'd with spices to delight the taste.

A sparkling wine-drawne newly from the cheeke:
 Of some chaste faire, which blushes colourd red,
 With brisk Canary, and enlivening Greek,
 Poetick Sherry, which can sharpen lead.

This ravisht *Foppo* with a taste-content,
 Till to his eare the Bell an errand sent.

When starting up, he deemd the bell did call
 His able stomack to a Founders feast,
 And with all speed was swogging to the hall,
 But that *Albino* stayd him by the crest,

And lue-warne claret from his hoghhead drew,
 To make his stomacke give the Deare adiew.

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Quoth he, thou sonne of Somnus, drowsie slave,
Why didst thou not at my lowd summons rise?
But in a fit of lunacie didst rave,
As though thy witt had tane some new disguise?
Ile be your Hob, your Hag, and though I me loath,
Will now chastise thee for thy feigned sloath.

But whilst his passion tooke a breathing space,
The wakned Porter from his fists did creape,
Fixed his goggles on his youthfull face,
And then remembred his propheticke sleepe.
Tels him hee's not Conrado, for he knowes
That brow, those cheeke, lips, eyes, Albino owes.

And thogh your wrath should grind me unto powder,
Without a warrant, I will ope no gate,
This answer made Albino's anger lowder,
And vowed a passage boughte at any rate:
So leapt upon the Slave with nimble strength,
And measured on the earth his ugly length.

Albino hastes to th' posterne, having got
The keyes, but mon, it so many much was puzzled
To finde the right, For so mean while did trot
Vnto some chambers where the thavelings muttled,
And them without crye stayfed to surprise
Albino, larved in Conrado's guise.

Like penancers, with linnen on their backes,
The bald-pates ran to seize upon their pray,
But yet their haste a semi-momen lackes,
Albino through the gate had found a way,
And snatching ou the keyes, did them enge,
Raising a Bulwarke to withstand their rage.

Then

of Albino and Bellama. 107

Then thankt his starres, that thus deliverd him
From dangers which did threaten nought but death,
For he by th' verge of Mare mort did swim,
And did expect his latest gale to breath.

Nay, these late troubles had him so dis-harted,
That every shadow 'lmost the union parted.

You whose disasters some proportion hold,
Help me my weake phisie to expell his feares,
Teach me my rithmes in Cyprisse to enfold:
From thwarter lovers borrow me some teares,
Fetch me some grones from the ascending thiefe,
And from the inquisition fetch me griefe.

Without demurres, *Albino* left the wicket,
Fearing the Monkes should bribe the faithlesse lock,
And steer'd his course unto a well-grown thicket,
Whose lofty hill was arind with many a rock,
He envies sculls, that wayt on spit and eyen,
And vowes ne're more to see that hated coven.

Have you beheld the stately pacing stagge
Flying the ecchoes of some deep-mouth'd hounds,
How firt his brow does weare a ferny flagge,
And with curvainings beates the quaking ground,
Telling the Fawns & wood-nymphs that he scorns
The hounds, horse, huntsmen, and their warbling
(hernes.)

But when he is embost in blood and sweat,
When travails on his swiftnesse fetters hangs,
He then is frighted with the shrill recheat
And feares a pinking with the yellers fangs:
Seekes e'ry where for shelter, and dates rush
Maled with feare into the sharpest bush.

So far'd it with *Albino*, whilst he had
 Fate at a becke, commandied fortunes wheele,
 Was called by his *Donnes* active lad,
 He thought his joyes were walled in with steele,
 Slighted misfortune, envie set at nought.
 And braving malice dar'd in every thought.

But when his towring heart was taught to know
 Humiliation, and selfe-confidence,
 Was stricken dead with famine, flame and snow,
 Although his geniall starres had freed him thence.
 He feares the Monkish rabble, and he shrowdes
 Himselfe in caves, encurtaind round with clowds.

In his dark house he heard a feeble voyce,
 Breathd from the corrals of some weakned maid,
 At first concealment was his better choyce,
 Till pitry set an edge upon his blade.

Then guidcd by the cry, he saw a Royster
 Did in his armes perforce a Nymph encloyster.

Yet seeing home-spun russet, stopt his pace,
 Saying by this, what honour shall I gaine?
 But in his eye so curious was her face,
 Though maskt and blubberd ore with brackish raine,
 That he forthwith unsheatheid his trusty Turke,
 Cald forth that blood which in his veines did luke,

So stepping forward, cryes, Injurious slave,
 Vnto what basenesse does thy felly tempt her?
 Who answerd him, Fond sooke, thy foolish brave
 From my decreed end shall not exempt her.
 Besynd me Queen of Cypresse; and in spight
 Of force or Fortune, Ile have my delight.

Desire

Desist, *Albino* sayes, or else I vow
By all those tapers which enrich the night,
Ile make pale death strew *Cypresse* on thy brew,
And to th' infernall shades thy soule will fright.
Cease from thy brutish rape, or else prepare
Thy cursed lungs to draw the *Stygian* ayre.

Quoth the rude *Sylvan*, I am past that age,
Which with Bug-bears the foppish nurse does fright.
Hence curtain-squire, smock-groom, & nine-page,
Ile have no testates unto my delight.

Pack hence with speed; or by *Acteons* head,
My weightie falchion shall pronounce thee dead.

Well, sayes *Albino*, since thou'l not desist,
Prove the adventures of a bloody duell,
One of our threads tell *Ariops* shall untwist,
For to my rage kinde pity lendeth fuel.

To free a virgine from thy gryping pawes,
I judge well pleasing unto natures lawes.

They clasp their Helms, and buckled to their fight,
Twixt whom no umpire was but meagre death,
The woeddards greene with *Tyrian* dye was dight,
Who now desires a minutes space to breath,

Albino gave the truce, yet but to breath,
His valour scorned to crowd into the sheath.

Then did his nimble flight and courage shew
Haining a stroake, but poyned at his breast,
Which op't a doore, whereat his spirits flew,
And well nigh set his fainting soule at rest.

With that th'enfeebled *Sylvan* weakly cryes
Hold, hold thy hand, or else *Sylvans* dyes.

Dost call for mercie, sayes *Albino*, now,
 And all thy thoughts erstwhile triumphant rid
 I seek not murder, may I save my vow,
 That I should joy in blood my staires forbid,
 I am content the virgines voyce shall seale
 Thy death or pardon, if thou make appeale.

Faire virgin, quoth *Sylvanus*, pitty is
 The onely grace that gives a virgin price,
 Remission crownes a heart with greater blisse,
 Then to hang iron on weak natures vice.
 The rayes of your bright beauty urg'd desire,
 Your feature kindled lust, love blowed the fire.

The virgin answerd, I did never suck,
 The Tygers dugges, the Lionesse and Bare.
 Nor from a reeking breast an heart did plucke.
 Never will I in blood with vultures share.

But since submission speakes from voyce and knee,
 Kinde pitty thins the fault, and pardons thee.

Then to *Albino* sayes, Heroick youth,
 May all the blessings which attend on man,
 Felicitate thy life, and to buy truth
 To words, I dare doe more than virgines can.
 But above all I wish, may natures pride,
 Lillies and Rosess inter-twine thy bride.

But yet alas! to recompence by ayres
 So large a bountie, and so free, is poore:
 Yet why may not a poore virgines prayers,
 Wingd with desire, unclaspe high heavens doore,
 Accept of this, and if the Fates be friend me,
 These blessings which I wish for, shal attend thee.

Natures

of Albino and Bellona.

III

Natures sole wonder, beauties onely gem,
Quoth he, my valour and my feble armes,
(If your perfections had not strengthened them)
Could not hays freed you from intended harmes.
Ascribe the honour to your matchleſſe face,
My courage meris not the meanest place.

Yet had I swom through seas of steaming blood,
And past through Nitre flames, that belch forth led,
Had all the Faries arm'd with vipers stood
T'have stopt my passage, or pronounced me dead,
I would have thrown the dye, my fortuar tryde
T'have bought you freedome, though incrymfon
(dyde.

For when mine eyes sent forth the farthest glance,
To fetch th'idea of your beauty in,
That very sight my fences did intrance,
And made my thoughts excuse Sylvanus sin:
For sure your quickning rayes can melt a snow,
On which the windes of age and sorrow blow.

But why doe I upon the Elverayse
Thy noble worth, and yet intend to wooe,
Since beaute oft displayes her plumes at praise,
Then by this doing, I my selfe un-doe.
Yet where I vertues finde refinde as gold,
Despaire shall never make affections cold.

Be pleased then to rhinke the god of Love
With guilded arrow has transfixt my heart,
And let my purpled breast your pity move,
With Balsame of regard, allay my smart,
Send thy quickeyes into my breast to see
What tortures prick my heart to purchase thee.

Sir, I am griev'd, quoth she, you are allyde
 To him, whose quiver crownes a lovers wish,
 Else at a twelve score distance might y'ave spyde.
 You cast your net to mesh a simple fish.

Your worth and feature does entitle you:
 To Cytherea with her silver hue.

When I, alas! am but an homely mayde,
 Borne to a spindle, and to serve a plow.
 To milke my spongie-teated cowes, I strayde,
 Which here amongst these tender hazels low.

My starved fortunes cannot thinke of love,
 Nor does my envy wound the billing Dove:

This answer silenced Albino's hopes,
 Which spake as lowd as though they kist the sheets,
 He in his thoughts commendeth the quiet copes,
 Which taste no sowe in hunting after sweets.
Alcides life, quoth he, compar'd to mine,
Is trouble-free, spic't with contents divine.

Faire mayd, what hatred frosteth your desires?
 What steames of envy choake bright *Venus lampe*?
 Give some kinde fuell to maintaine my fires,
 A frowne of yours will all my vitals damp.
 Oyle ore my writhed heart, or let me know
 From what black heads these bitter cadents flow.

Your favours Sir, have such commanding power,
 That tis unjust your wishes to deny,
 Accurst with all black tempests be that houre
 In which my heart gave credit to mine eye,
 Else would I not have been so much averse,
 T' a minde so noble, and a feature terse.

But now alas! my selfe, my selfe am not,
For heartlesse I, my heart have gin away,
An Abbey-brother has that treasure got,
Albino hight, hee's Phæbus of my day.

Your habit speaks you a Monke, Sir, if you can,
Tell me where I may find that (ah me) man.

Be pleas'd, quoth she, to tell me where I may,
Or goe my selfe, or else a servant send.
Faire mayd, quoth he, it is a gloomy way
Leads to the bed of your benighted friend!
His ashes are in *Darwey Abbey layd,*
But his faint Ghost walkesith *Eliyan shade.*

But is he dead, sayes she, and lowdly shreekt,
Which wak't *Narcissus* hate to second her,
Her rosyes dewd with melting chrystall, reekkr,
And sorrow did her trembling heart interre.

Symptomes of sad deplorings here were knowne,
Which were not in her sharpe lamentings showne.

Choyce myd (quoth he) do not destroy your rosyes,
And blast your beauty with such scalding sighes,
In natures garden there are choicer posycs,
More comely features, and more agile thighes.

What though *Albino's* dead, another may
Betruelier tearm'd the Phæbus of your day.

Oh, doe hot staine, sayes she, his spotlesse name,
Within his bosome every vertue tang'd,
Equals to him dull nature cannot frame,
Though she should labour till herselfe be chang'd:
It is a shame to aske more favours, yet
Grant me this one, because my sunne is set.

My pitty sav'd, when as your fury had
 The rough-pawd Sylvan minced with your skeane,
 Oh with same courage let your rainde be clad,
 With your sharpe Cemeter my liver dreane.
 Why should I be a liver, since hee's dead,
 Who was my hope, my health, my heart, my head.

How am I chang'd, quoth hee? my heart does beate,
 The fainting sunmons of the childe ofiane,
 My knees doe quarrell, and a chilling sweate
 Cold as the dew of winter oyles my skin,
 Feare snatched from my roseat banks their blood,
 And drownes my liver in a sanguine flood.

Tis strange a naked breast of bleached snow,
 And chryftall mounts, enricht with corall heads,
 (On which the purple violets doe grow.)
 Should date mine arme, and strike my courage dead.
 My steele a breast of iron has unth'g'd,
 And knees of brasse have to my fury cring'd.

Hadsome waste Gog, or he whom Tullus brought,
 One got by Fury, or Gradius mate;
 Who, but with monsters, ne're convers'd with ought,
 Dar'd with a looke, mine arme had weaken'd Fate.
 But at this feeble voyce my blood does sturt,
 And into pitty melt's my swelling heart.

Then name no more those words; for they at once
 Doe both un-edge my valour and my steele,
 Too safely doe your vertues keep the sconce,
 My steadiest thoughts struck with these letters, eeelo:
 My sacrilegious hand shall never staine,
 Vertues sole Temple, and the graces fane.

Dry

Dry up those furrowing cades : will you give
 Your lovely selfe in marriage unto him,
 If I shall say *Albino*, yours does live,
 And in your view his comely portraict him?

Say, I to this, and I will try my skill,
 To make him pace along yon craggy hill.

Tis th' countenance which my wishes crave,
 Nought halfe so sweet, layes she, as Hymens tides,
Albino then the hairet earth did shave,
 And hedg'd two circles in with ropes of beads:
 Then quartring them, did take the virgines hand,
 And had her with unshaken courage stand.

Thou must not be surpriz'd with shivering feare,
 Though Cerberus the Janitor o' Hell,
 Though seven-headed Hydra, Panther, Beare,
 The Lyon, Tyger, or the Dragon yell,
 Although a monster spits forth fleshing powder,
 Thogh clouds & winds strive which should bellow
 (lowder.

This sayd, with creuze of holy water hee
 Besprinkled ore himselfe, besprinkled her,
 And zealously did crosse : the same did she,
 Like a devout Romeyn to conjurer.
 This done: fair maid quoth he, if Fates befrend me,
 The servant of your beauty shall attend thee.

Then gan to invoke, or seeme to invoke,
 With uncoth language, the infernall crew,
 Vitz, Allafoun, Trallalib, with elfish poake,
 Toller and Chingachuk, with your grisly hue,
 Gnarzell and Pbrizzell, which in Styx do wade,
 Le ponte Alshir from the Stygian shade.

When

When from his lips these words had tane their flight
 A shuffling whirle-puffer roar'd amongst the trees,
 Th'affrighted leaves tooke flight, the grasse looke
 The quaking poplars fell upon their knees. (white,
Loves sacred tree stood cringing unto it,
 And bowd his head, else twas in sunder split.

Then from a breaking clowd a sheet of fire
 Encircled them, and dash't against an Oke,
 Vshring a thunder, whose untamed ire,
 Like dreadfull tyrants, nought but terror spoke.
 And as unwilling to depart from them,
 His irefull cracks the trembling grove did hem.

These suddenly succeeding so the first,
 And at that instant when he feign'd a spell,
 Did make *Albino* judge himselfe accurst,
 Thinking his *Aoyce* unhang'd the gates of hell,
Bellama's rosyes wore as white as snow,
 As though the *Phyma* did upon them blow.

And justly, for though these but common were,
 Yet at that time, when faintnesse kept the wicket,
 Which at each shadow op't the gate to feare,
 In that darke place, that unsrequmented thicket.
 I blame not, though her courage hab been colder,
 And in Art Magick wish *Albino* bolder.

But wheo the storne was past, his courage got
 The conquest of his feare, made his quick eyes
 Stand Sentinel, r'advantage more his plot,
 And looking, from the mountaine he espies
 A man descending, as he told the mayd,
 Which the lowd tempest of his feares allayd.

Then

Of Albino and Bellama. 117

Then sayes, behold the object of your hope,
Away springs she from off that gloomy place,
Posts to the hill, forsakes her Magicke cope,
Meane while *Albino* doffes *Conrado*'s face,
And set upon his lookes *Albino*'s dye,
So impt with love, unto the mount did flye!

Where he espyde *Bellama* rove about,
Crying, *Albino*, dost thou flye from me?
The man was but a silly sheepheard lout,
That climbd the hill, his fleesie traine to see.
And when his eyes had health'd his wealthy flocks,
Trudg'd to his cote, wald in with sturdy rockes.

Albin' encouraging her, says, Lovely mayd,
Was't your small voyce that did *Albino* call?
Twas I, poore I, the fainting virgin sayd:
Why was I forc't from *Rhadamanthus* hall?
Who was't quoth he, that with commanding aire,
Snatcht me forth' armes of *Proserpine* faire?

It was a courteous Monke, quoth she, whom I
Humbly intreated to deliver thec.
Alas, sweet maid, quoth he, Fates doe deny
Freedom from thence, nor can I pay the fee!
Fee, says she, feare not, if an Earldome can
Purchase thy freedome, I will give it man.

Thou canst not ransome one from *Pluto*'s jayle,
Shouldst thou lay downe the gawdy triple crowne,
With steely hearted Fate nought can prevaile,
On whose harsh brow there ever dwells a frowne.
Speake faire, thy busynesse, for I must begone,
Grim Charon waits for me at Acheron.

118 *The pleasing Historie*

Ah me, quoth she, and is it truth I heare?
Then deare *Albino*, I will wait on thee:
You'r like to finde, quoth hee, but homely cheare,
If in my dyet you partake with me.

Famine's a favour unto me, says she,
Bridewell a bride-house, if I live with thee.

But prynthee, what is *Radimanthus* fell,
And she whom thou didst *Proserpina* call?
Sweetest, quoth he, he is the judge of hell
That doomes us tortures, or does us enthrall.
For if our innocence doe plead for us,
We're led t' *Elizium* from darke *Erebus*.

That other was the *Thracian* harper mate,
Whom *Pluto* fore't unto his gloomy house,
His divelship with smiler to recreate,
Full bowles of his *Nepenthe* to carouse.

I'me glad I know, quoth she, for jealous feares
Unto my heart did travell from my eares.

Why, lovely Mayd, did ever I behold
Before this time, quoth he, your comely face?
How deare *Albino*, must you now be told.
Who your *Bellamais*? tis high disgrace,
Sure you of *Lethes* streames have deeply drank,
Which doth the powers of your minde disranke.

Hah! quoth *Albino*, can my dulnesse thinke
That homely rissets my *Bellamavile*?
I deeply of oblivion sure did drinke,
Did I not know her from a milking pail?
Peace pretty faire, do not my Saints prophane.
Her beauty has not such course lodging lane.

Wel

of Albino and Bellama.

119

Well, quoth *Bellama*, will you me discard,
When for your sake I've run through all disasters?
Must slights and *negligences* now be my reward?
Will you make ulcers, and apply no plasters?
Cloath'd in this course array, I rov'd abrode,
To finde the place of thy secure abode.

Sweet, sayes *Albino*, let not anger dress
Thy stainlesse lillies in distractions dye,
Let ignorance plead pardon, for I guesse,
Some other beauties may *Albino* cry,
Might now a ghost permitted be to kisse,
My lips should suck from thine a cherry-blisse.

Why, sayes *Bellama*, has a ghost no lips?
Is there no pleasure dwells in spirit's vaines?
This (might a ghost) does all my joyes eclyysse,
For now I have my labour for my paines.

Pray, what was *Mer'ins* father? is't not sayd,
Spirits have power a damsell to unmayd?

These words proceeding from *Bellama*'s lips,
Did make *Albino* Myrrine juyce carouse,
To rayse an active heate, which nimbly skips
In every veine, like FAYES in Obrons house.

But when he was no ghost, and hop't to merit
Love for love, he found her of another spirit.

Away, fond Monke, quoth she, dost thinke that I
Into a sea of grieve will wade with thee?
And drowne my fortunes, make an Earldome dye?
Dost think humility resides with me?

Canst thinke Ile choose a pebble, slight a pearle?
Marry a thread-bare cowle, and scornd an Earle?

What

What doore to thy presumption did I ope?

What symptomes of affections did I shew?

What actions gainfull birth unto thy hope?

Or from what vow did thy assurance grow?

Cease then, for I take it in high disdaine,

To thy course worth my smalleſt ray to chaine.

Disdaine? quoth yong *Albino*, can this be

The voyce of my *Bellame*? Is there ſuch oddes?

If not in birth, in worth I equall thee:

Although my *Muse* shot love into the gods,

Disdain's a pitch too high for maid's to reach.

Scarce will the queen of pride ſuch doctrine teach.

Presumption too? Does he deserve that brand,

Who dallies with consent, invited to't?

What firmer ſeale, then language, lip and hand?

What better warrant, than deſir'd to do't?

Say, he is ſawcie that with crustyed fiſts,

Pawes a courtſilke, and melts her balmy wrists.

Who feeted that ænigma, whose kinde ayre,

Spake me the onely high in thy eſteeme?

Was I not bosom'd more than parents (Faire?

Did not thine owne voyce that ſaint-secret ſeeme?

Who bri'b'd your full face-gazings? and what ſhe

Judg'd none praise, lip, deſerving of but me?

Did not you in miferious poſtures wooe me?

And againſt *Bardino* levied all your ſpight?

Nay, by *Barraba* ſent invitements to me?

And dub'd me by your knot the *Red-rose Knight*?

Did not your wiſh glue feathers on your feet,

To ſpread a casement when I pac't the ſtreet?

And

of Albino and Bellama. 12

And after these, ah thousand more, and nearer
 Seales of thy love, must slightes unseele your lips?
 A puny-mistres-hunter well may feare her,
 When pride at high noone can my sun eclips.

Fury lend me thy poyson, rage thy breath,
 That I by pride doomd, may doome beauty death.

You pale-fac't shadowes of the gloomy Iles,
 Fill up my gall, and lend me all your powres,
 To torture women, who enricht with wiles,
 From their moist eyes send forth dissembling shoures
 Would *Love* the mount had barren been of stones
 Whereof old *Pyrba* stam'd the female bones.

Would *Sea's* daughter that same *Queen of faces*,
 Her alabaster box would daigne to me,
 Once *Pnao's* ferry pay, that gave such graces,
 Which till that time the Sun did never see.

That I not onely might, as others are,
 Be counted comely, but oth' fairest, faire.

Then would I slight those formall trickes of love,
 Those sighs, teats, vows, complaints, & folded arms,
 Caps, cringes, oathes, and complements to move
 Th'affections of a Girle expecting charmes.

For wealth, wit, wisedome, eloquence & greatnessse
 Are lesse inducements unto love than neatnesse,

How now *Albino*, is your doublet growne
 Too strait, sayes she, that you doe puffe and swell?
 Peace, peace, let not your choler thus be shoun.
 A thing impossible, sayes he; you tell.

In vaine we call for peace, and calmenesse praise,
 When love and hate intestine warres doeraise.

Women have double pupils, so they can,
 Kill like the Basilisk, but with a glance,
 Their very prai'e does blast and wither man,
 Like frost and winter, or his soule intrance :

They're all like *Glaucus* wife whose filthy charms
 Won poore *Vlysses* to her lustfull armes.

They're *Holgoy*, *Africanes*, and fiends they are —
 Words know not what they are, they're hell to me,
 Would I had the *Heliosphrio* faire,
 To touch all mayds, or if not all, yet thee.

Or had been borne under the Scorpions head,
 With Amulets t'have struck thy beauty dead.

Ah faithlesse Polupists! that thus can change
 Into an hundred thousand shapes, your mindes ?
Phæbe to you is constant, tides doe range,
 Yet back returne : more settled are the windes.
 • Meere Pompholix, which with each breath does stray
 Your loves with catch-feathers too, and fly away.

Sometimes a fit of sullennes seales your jawes,
 In contemplation big, (of Love knowes what)
 And then againe, as if your tongnes made lawes,
 You weary time with your eternall chat.

Ah *Mantuan*, *Mantuan*, thy pen is not a lyer,
 Although thy habit sayes thou wert a Frier!

Erst while a sober Nun *Bellama* was,
 Then a *Lucretia*, at another gale
 I know not what, a straggling countrey lasse,
 A quinque-letterd, 'haps, which set to sale,
 Now none more willing unto love than she,
 And now more further off from love or me.

Yet

Yet call that hasty language back awhile,
Bellama is not such, shee's *Cupids* dart,
 Teach me, great *Love*, to make *Bellama* smale,
 And with one ray sun her *Albino*'s heart.

Thou purblinde boy, teach me to gain *Bellama*:
 Straight *Echo*'s voyce returnd him answer, *Ame*.

Thankes gentle *Echo*; might thy voyce divine
 Speak truth in this, that love commandeth love.
 I would through every mood and tense decline
Amo, and saint thee too, my *Ioy*, my *Dove*:
 Nay, thou shouldest be, what ere fond babblers prate,
Albino's goddesse, though *Narcissus* hate.

Oh would to *Love* I were in courteous *France*,
 Or else that happy place in *France* with me,
 That with more tonges thou mightst make *ame* dance
 Within these silent woods, from tree to tree.

Or would thou hadst imperiall power from *Love*,
 In the imprious mood to bid her love!

Quoth she, unworthy of a conquest's hee
 That for a *Canons* roare his ensignes vailles,
 Unworthy of a *Rose*, or *Rosie* glee
 Is he, whose courage at her javelins failes.
 They're feeble amorists that for a fye,
 Run from their colours, and in silence lye.

Tis our prerogative to have intreate,
 With every phrase that *Hattery* does inhance,
 To win our loves, though every stroke they beate,
 Our hearts beat *Cupids* march, tune *Venus* dance.

In their desires they never yet did perish,
 Which feed our humours, and our passions cherish.

To prove the truth of thy affections, I
 Shot forth that language, headed with disdaine,
 My heart is thine, which till death close mine eye
 With steely thumbe, thy bosome shall retaine,
Cæsars proud nod shall not command that blisse,
 Whose sweets are promis'd by this melting kisse.

Hah quo h *Aibino*, dare I trust mine eares
 With this blest aire? And am I sure I w^take?
 Or is't a dre^me, which wakeneth into teares?
 Tis truth: then crawle hence Furies, toad and snake.
 The earth her mines, sea vomit shall their pearle,
 Ere I leave her, who for me left an Earle.

Then sate they dallying in a shadic bowre,
 Where Maples, Ash, and Thorne did them embrace,
 Whilst her enlivning breath produc'd each flowre
 In curions knots to damaske ore the place.,
 Oh! who would not his soule and substance tenter,
 To be circumference to such a center?

Now have our Amorists attaint the height
 Of true content, and sate like billing Doves,
 Shetels her quest, he his monasticke flight,
 Whilst both recount their passions, feares and loves,
 Till *Titans* hasting to moyst *Thetis* armes,
 Bad them provide against his sisters harmes.

Then joyning heart and hand, with easie pace,
 They travailed to a Pague adjoyning neare,
 Where in a straw-thatcht roofe (an homely place
 For such a paire) they entertained were,
 And what fine cates old *Katbrine* could affoord,
 Was serv'd in state unto an aged boord.

Their

Their table with rich damaske cloathes was spread,
 Whose every twist out-vyde the double cable,
 The napkins Diaper, of equall thread,
 The mourning trenchers cloathed were in sable:
 A curious salt; cut out oth' bolder stone,
 And for their plate — sincerely there was none.

The dropsied Host, like to a Sewre did strut
 To marshall every dish : and first did bring
 A spatiuous bowle to scour the narrow gut
 of nut-brown Ale, a liquor for a King.
 And sayes, My *Bona Robe*, drinke this boule,
 Twill cleare thy throat, and cheere thy drooping
 (soulc.)

Next came the mumping hostesse, and set downe
 A lastiedish of milke, sky coloured bleu,
 Crumb'd with the ludgets of the lustie browne,
 Which two months since was piping hot and new,
 Yet 'tis, sayes she, as savory in goodlaw,
 As wheaten trash, which crams the Ladies maw.

This good old *Chrone* was troubled so with wind,
 Her coates did dance to th' musick of her belly :
 Next came a barley dumpling, whose harsh rinde,
 Was oyled ore with a fine tallow jelly,
 Brought by a mincing *Marget*, passing trim,
 Whose juycie nose did make the pudding swim.

Next came some *Glotrah* (which the plough-man
 Ioyn'd with a pudding on a holy day) (flanks,
 Brought by a jetting dame, on whom in rankes
 And discipline of state, whole troopes did stray
 Of -- I forbear to say, lest these rude feet,
 With queasie dames, and Lady readers meet.

The pleasing Historie

Last, a tough cheese must lock the stomaches doore,
 Milkt from a cow that fed on nought but Butters,
 Had laine five winterson spongie floore,
 To gaine an harness, and a coate of furres,
 So nearely peopled too, twas judg'd a court,
 Such heards of gentles did about it sport.

Qualmish Bellama could not eate a bit,
 'Cause luscious mears a surfeit soone provoke
Albino ventred, but was faine to spit,
 Lest those harsh viands shold his Mon kship choke.
 And whilst he hauked, and *Bellama* laught,
 The trumping hostesse stole a thumping draught

Are you so dainty toothed, quoth mine host,
 That countrey vittails will not downe with you?
 You shall be fed with Custards, pyes and rost,
 Canoet your chops a bonelesse pudding chew?
 I trow farre worser is than this your fare,
 Valesse you kitchin sculs, and lick-spits are.

Ma' gep, ma' faw, the crabbed hostesse sayd,
 Let 'em een fast, if they'l not eate their sowle,
 Is not my daughter *Maudge* as fine a mayd,
 And yet by mack you see she troules the bowle.
 I've dress a supper sure, has pleased those,
 Had wider purses far, and better close.

Pray mother, gainst the young mon doe not rage,
 Sayes full-lipt *Maudge*, for he must be your son,
 We are alike in face, of equall age,
 Then hoh, the match is soon concluded on.
 Kusie me, my honest *Dick*, for we this night
 With crickle crackle will the Gobblins fright.

Masse

127

of Albino and Bellama.

12

Masse, sayes mine Host, I like the fellow well,
To suckle barnes, He give him tidee Mull,
And my browne Maure, as sound as any Bell,
With ten good shear-hogs to affoerd him wooll:
And if they please me, after me they shall
Sell nappy yale within this trusty wall.

Feck, sayes mine hostesse, they shall have a bed
With good strong sheets, to pig together in,
A brazen pot, a kettle and a led,
Platteis, bowles, paikes, and an old kilderkin,
And if they please m', a brace of wheeles to spin,
Mantles and clouts to wrap their bantlins in.

Our lovers at this pretty talke did smile;
Then sayes *Albino*, there is no such haste,
I like, but yet wee'l respit it a while,
Thou shalt be (duck) some three nights longer chaste
He man my sister at dayes next attiring,
Then back, and give my *Mauage* a curtaine spring.

When as his yeelding had appeas'd the billowes
Of their low'd passions, and their meat digested,
Nights middle age invited to their pillowes,
But tell I dare not, how the lovers rested,
Whether co-shheeting was allowd as fit,
Monastick vowes dispensing well with it.

But this I say, there was but one guest-roome,
Hangd with a pentice cleath spoke age enough,
The spiders here had one continued loome,
Here rats and mice did play at blind mans blough.
Their bed had many rasters, but no teaster,
Their bedding usherd in thin-sid'd Easter.

132 *The pleasing Historie*

Repentant Mattresse for chastising Leat,
 Stout as a face of steele, which ne're will yeeld,
 Their sheets were tenants, weekly payed rent,
 The pillow was with juyce of noddles steeld,
 And therefore fit to bolster any sin :
 Their coverlet was of a bullocks skin.

Their urine-vessell was of Ticknell make ,
 Whose in-side was with unshorne vellet clad ,
 Their bed-sted floted in a springing lake ,
 Where Frogs and Newts their randevouzes had.

This was their guest-bed, and there was no other ,
 Thinke you Bellama then lodg'd with her brother?

No such pure vertues saint Bellama's brest ,
 And such cleare sparkes of honour heate his soule ,
 That such a thought would stain her virgine crest :
 And blur the sacreds of Albino's stoule .

Then dye black thoughts , Bellama's chaste denyals
 Repeld all charms of love , and Venice-trials .

Nay, he were tempted , nor attempted once
 To scale the fortresse of her virgine-tower :
 For her chaste Noes , and vowes did guard the sconce
 That twas impregnable , not forc't by power .

And though he did espheare her naked waste ,
 Yet durst my faith and oath conclude her chaste .

This longing on Albino workt so strong ,
 That when the god of slumbers did intreat
 Him to his court , into his thoughts did throng
 His house of penance , hunger , cold , and swear .
 So powerful was his dreame , entruth'd with feare ,
 That his strong faith concluded he was there .

And

Of Albino and Bellama.

133

And in some sort he was : for when the East
Was purpled with the blushes of the morne,
When his benummed sences were releast
By the shrill sound of *Gallus* bugle horne.

He heard a sound of words, and looking out,
He saw a legion of the Monkish rout.

For you must know that when *Albino*'s wit
Had won him freedome, and *Conrado* thrall,
The jealous matrone somewhat feared it,
And the next morning did *Conrado* call;
Who (brooking ill his lodging) struck with feare,
Made answere to the matrones question here.

So when her eyes suspition truth had made,
She askt *Conrado* how that came to passe ?
Quoth he, credulity my feare ore-swayd,
I was deluded with the dukedom lasse.

She promis'd me a dukedom for my paines,
And I, poore I, thought it sufficient gaines.

Hah, quoth the Matrone, could thy falsehood serve
Thus to dishonour me, and all my traine ?
His penaltie is thine, till every nerve
Shrinke up with famine, thou shalt here remaine,
Time will not measure yeares, e're thou wilt say,
A Dukedom for thy penance is no pay..

Madam, quoth he , my sences were bewitched
With that pure white which dwelt upon her brow,
I scratcht and pincht, but still my humours itched,
I stood upright, but still my heart did bow.

Who would not twice ten minutes in a brooke,
Chin high and thirsty stand, to be a Duke ?

Quoth he

Quoth she, I see that folly over-swayes,
 And *Venus* soveraigne is of every sect,
 To beauty every order homage payes,
 Whilst onely age and blacknesse gain neglect.

I'xcuse thy frailty, haste unto thy dell,
 The sentence of *Phæliche's* flight repell,

Conrado thank her, and away did pack,
 (As one reprieved from the gallow tree,
 Still fearing that sterne justice plukt him back)
 Lest *Ianus*-like her face should changed bee:
 For well he knew, the monthly horned queene
 No oftner fils her orbe, than she her spleene.

He nature blam'd, he could no faster run,
 But comming to the gate, the porter op't,
 Who much appald to see a youthfull Nun,
 Sayes, Mistresse, do you travell to be coapt?
 Give me my fee, for sure a plumpe-cheekt lasse
 Shall not the Porters lodge unkissed passe.

He could not quiet his impatient lust,
 Till he had shoun the ensignes of his habit,
 His pared crowne with *Venus* rayes adust:
 Then lest the mongrell his supposed rabbit,
 And slunkt away from his monastick vaile,
 Just like a dog that newly hurst his taile.

When he had cast his woman, and put on
 The habit of his order, he made haste
 Vnto his Lord, told him *Phæliche's* gone,
 And that his conscience did conclude her chaste.
 She *Folco*'s large endowments must inherit,
 And promis'd me to recompence my merit.

The Prior smiling at his folly, checkt
 Him for *Apella's* faith, and sayd his lasse
 Was young *Albino* in Nun-vestments deckt,
 (If that our Porter had his double glasse)
 And since thy comming cleareth every doubt,
 Harnessle your selves to seeke the yonker out.

As the attendants of an hunting Prince,
 Intending to disfrank an ore-growne Boare,
 View the impressions of his feet, which since
 Last cve were printed on the sandy shore,
 Beating each bush, and in each cabben searching
 To finde his frank, & not the pheasants pearching.

And as when *Reynald* with his wily plot,
 Into the squaldon of the geese is crept,
 And grand-sire *Gander* on his back has got, (kept,
 Th'affrighted geese like them which watch-towres
 With shrill-ton'd gabblings wake the slumbring
 By *Phæbe's* candle to go seek the downs. (towns,

Some arme themselves with spits, one with a ladle,
 Some snatch up pick-forkes, one a bill or knife.
 The ambling nurse runs out, and leaves the cradle,
 And the awd mid-wife flies the teeming wife,
 Old grand-sire gray-beard his tuffe bilbow gets,
 And grandame *Griffel* with her distaffe jets.

Iust so our hair-lack Monkes pursu'd their quest,
 Searcht for his view, and threaded every grove,
 With bels, beads, booke, and holy water blest,
 And arm'd with envies whips, about did rove.

Their runnigado *Reynald* to surprize,
 And came to Stean ere the Sun could rise.

Which

Which sight unspirited Albino quite,
That his invention could not teeme a plot:
For in his lookes his feare was writ in white,
And to his heart his frightened blood did trot.

Yet calling courage to appeare o: h' stage,
He sheath'd his body in his woven cage.

Then hasting to the Host, bad him awake,
Desir'd his counsell, and assisting hand,
Sayes now his life and safety lay at stake,
For at his doore a troope of shavelings stand,
I am their errand, I must bid adiew
To lovely Maudge, mine hostesse, and to you.

Hoh, quoth mine host, and rubd his gumray eyes,
Whot sayes my sonne? Must thou be whurld away?
I warrant, boy, my club shall still their cryes,
When 'bout their costards I shall make it play.
Ile dy their stark nak't crowns with their own blood,
Then let 'em come, if that they think it good.

Good Sickerlin, says Maudge, ere they shall have
My hony-sweeten Dick, Ile scratch and bite,
With scalding water Ile their noddles shave:
Then busse me Dick, thy Maudge wil for thee fight.
Thankes, quoth he, Duck, but yet it cannot bee,
That thy endevours shouild advantage me.

But yet methinkes I see some comfort dawne,
Yon tinkers budget strengthens every joyn,
Lend me some cloths, by times harsh grinders gnawa,
And I will be a Tinker in each poynt,

My sister must have ragges, and be my trull:

This vailld & cloath'd we wil the shavelins gall.

Accoured.

of Albino and Bellama.

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Accoured in these robes of state, he made
 His face and hands in sootie vestures mourne,
 Then wak't *Bellama*, who was sore afryd
 To see a Tinker, and away does turne.

But grasping onely ayre, she shrilly cryde,
 Art fled *Albino*, from thy sweet-hearts side?

Which words so shrilly spoke, made echo babble,
 Who wing'd with envie, out oth' window flies,
 Carries *Albino* to the Monkish rabble:
 They hearing that, Perduers made their eyes,
 And sweld with rage, against the doore did knock,
 Whose aged breast could not endure the shock.

This stroke *Albino*'s heart did almost break,
 Yet bids *Bellama* sheath her body in
 These homely ragges, which onely safety speak,
 Care not for coursenesse, so they hide the skin,
 And at this Tinkers habit doe not wonder,
 Tis but the curtaine thy *Albino*'s under.

What tis pyde fellowes at my doore doe beate
 Thus early, quoth mine host, is this your manners?
 What must mine hostesse wayt upon th'entreat
 Of Taylors, Coblers, Carpenters and tanners?
 If drinking be your errand, where ye got
 Your last nights fudling-cap, this morning tro.

Impatient they, did make the doore unhinge,
 Which gave an entrance to enrag'd *Bardino*,
 He to the reverend host did lowly cringe,
 Told him his errand was to seek *Albino*.

And as they did his homely cottage hem,
Albino's name came leaping unto them.

Rob.

Hoh, quoth mine host, unto mine house there came
 Last night for lodgⁱng, a stout Tinker knaye,
 Who now is ticking with his ragged dame,
 Go, if with him yey any businesse have :

But who *Albino* is, I cannot tell,
 Heres no sⁱke mon does penance in my cell.

Into the Arras-sielded parlour then
 The coapsters went, in every corner smookt,
 The Tinkers visage none of them did ken,
 But for *Albino*, on *Albino* lookt ;
 Well might he cozen them, when as his saint
 Knew not his face under that maske of paint.

Then as they searched every place, by chance
Conrado did his Monkish vestments owne
 He lent *Pheliche* at their affiance.
 The host perceiving that the cloathes were knowne,
 Sayd, yesterday about the after three
 A fellow came, and pawn'd those clothes to mee.

They askt *Bellama* then, why she did call
 Vpon *Albino*? Why forsooth sayd she,
 I was a servant once in *Darwey* hall,
 Wherc that young Monke I oftentimes did see,
 Who oft in private would disport with me,
 And promis'd that I should his sweeting be.

But by misfortune being turnd away,
 This Ioviall Tinker took me unto wife,
 So asthis morn^e by his warme side I lay,
 I of *Albino* dream'd, my joy, my life. (drab,
 Hee's not thy mon, quoth *Maudge*, thou ly'ft base
 Peace his wife, sayes mine host, you tatling blab.
 Thus

Thus had the Scean been chang'd, had not the Sire,
Supprest her babblings with a check and grin.

The Monkes well satisfide, gang to the fire

To tast the juyce of Kates old Kilderkin.

The Tinker and mine host would awayes cry,
Fill hostesse, fill, the Monkes are still a-dry.

Canzone.

Drink ful ones Tinker, me thinks the Monks are dry,
Drink healths mine host, the Monks do feare a thirst:
Are the Monks thirstie? the Monks will quickly try
If they or the Tinker want a pillow first,

Else wil we jig and hay unto the black pots sound,
Til to that musick the house shal dance theround.

Then fill a dozen hostesse, wee'l have a merry cup,
And make the Tinker forfeit his budget & his brasie.
Faith, sayes the tinker, Ile make your monkships sup
Till ye sing *Requiems*, in reading of the masse.

Then fill a gallon hostesse, we'l health it all about,
Till all complain oth' head-ach, the falling or the
(gout.

Come on dropping shavelins, let's see you count your
I am half afraid you'l' stutter in the maffe. (beads,
Gramercy lovely pots, and nimble Ganimedes,
That brought more water than what holy was.
Wel sawcie tinker, wel, pray finger you your brasie.
And let the monks alone alone, they'l finger wel the
(maffie.

Pray Gaffer Cowlists why are yeys so bald?
To coole your Piamaters in a sweat?
Or did the water your wise noddles scald,
Which your devotions and hot zeale did heat?
Or are yeys given unto Venus play?
I am afrayd there went the haire away.

140 *The pleasing Historie*

But base *Bardino* did this mirth eclipse,
 (In his monastick life *Albino's* friend)
 Viewing the travaille of his hand, his lips.
 He by a secret marke *Albino* kend:
 For by some strange mishap, was set a brand,
 An azure spot upon his abler hand.

Sayes he, me thinkes you are too frolick Tinker,
 Your mirth I feare presageth your disgrace,
 You must no longer be mine hostesse Skinker,
 For you will say, unlesse y'ave braz'd your facc,
 That you both see, and doe *Albino* know,
 If you deny't, I have your hand to show.

During the time that you were cowld and coapt,
 On your right hand there dwelt a cœrule mark,
 Which nere would off, although twas often soapt.
 Well, quoth mine Host, but pray your wership hark,
 May not two men be like, may there not be
 Theselfe-same spot of him, and you, and me.

This could not yet appease *Bardino's* hate,
 Still teeming mischiefe, and with envie bigge,
 So starting up, he fum'd, and lowd did prate,
 And snatched off *Albino's* periwigge.
 Now gainst two witnesses he could not stand,
 When as his head bore witnessse with his hand.

Albine excus'd, it was by nature so,
 Saying no raz or ere did touch his scull:
 No, sayes *Bardino*? it againe does grow,
 Thou canst not with this fop my wisedome gull.
 Keepe him my brethren, and meane while I will
 Fetch the watch-beggar, and his rusty bill.

Bellama

of Albino and Bellama.

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Bellama did mean while what language can,
With oyled words, and pitty-pleading teares,
Beseeching these to free her wedded man ;
But to her voyce they cottond had their eares,
Vntil an Angel did appeare unto them,
And with his goldy looks and musick wooe them.

Then did they yeeld to let them goe away,
And they mean time would faine a deadding sleepe,
They for a second licence would not stay,
But hasting out, along the ditches creepe.

And as they went a Raddle-man they meet,
Whom with kinde aires, and high-way phrase they
greet.

And greeting past, *Albino* did require
To change apparell with him, and his trade,
Giving him caske to hasten his desire.
With all my heart the Raddle-yonker sayd,
(Nere questioning the cause) yet by the masse,
My Dames will say, I am a podging Asse.

Thus chang'd they clothes & budgets; then with lead
On the new Tinkers hand *Albino* made
A mark like his, to gull his envious bead :
With Raddle-crimson then fit for his trade,
He cloathd his face, and gave *Bellama* some,
So trudgd away, for feare the Monk should come.

Have you beheld a hound in sudden fright,
Whom powder feard, or else the staffe did beat,
How oft he turnes and lookes, yet keeps on flight,
So they with glancing eyes would oft retreat,
Yet moved forward still, as in a ship,
The Pilots backward looke, yet forward skip.

But

138 *The pleasing Historie*

But our new Tinker swelled with content,
Fearing no colours, to the towne did passe,
Crying, as he along the hamblet went,
Ha y' any need, hooh, of a Tinkers brasse?

Bardino now returned in a chafe,
And askt the Tinkers name, who answerd, *Rafe.*

Where dwelst thou? any where? how long
Hast tinkring us'd? I cannot tell.
Then bout the Tinker all the Monkes did throng,
Whilst he, poore fellow thought h'had been in hell:
For till that day, he never saw such creatures,
And what they were, he knew not by their features

Bardino feared this was but a gall,
And sayes, good fellow, let me see thy hand.
I'me not ashamed to shew't, by cock and bull.
Bardino viewing't well, espyd the brand,
And sayes, Sir youth, before you couzend me:
But now in sooth, I will be meet with thee.

Divell or Frier, whatsoere thou art,
What taunting language dost thou give to me?
Hahi quoth the Tinker. Quoth *Bardino*, *Smart*
Shall give a comment of my words to thee.
Smart, quoth the Tinker, swigge for *Smart* & you.
I bid defiance unto all thy crue.

Talke not to me of *Smart*: for if you prate,
This knotty staffe shall bastenado you,
Ile set a scarlet cap upon thy pate,
And lace thy shoulders with a purple blew.
Peace, honest Tinker, say the other Monkes.
I, I will peace it, if I catch the hunkes,

But

But let the Monkes and Tinker take their chances,
 We'l view the travails of our Raddle-man,
 With faint *Bellam'* whom every feare entrances,
 And every trance does make her roses wan.

Thus farre their loves have Tragi-comick been,
 Thwarted by Fate, and the unconstant Queene.

But every planet with kinde aspect now
 Viewes their long traveld loves, and *Venus* boy,
 Smiles on their wishes with auspicious brow :
 Now a full harvest must they have of joy,
 Though sownd with black disasters, dangers, feares,
 Despaire, hope, doubtings, sad complaints & tears.

For aged *Starkey's* towres (that fatall stage,
 Where Danes did ast their juries once in blood,
 When bellowing cannons belched out their rage)
 Within the kenning of our lovers stood:
 And the well-tuned bells did lowd proclaim
 Joy to the lovers in great *Hymens* name.

A neare allye, *Albino* in this towne
 (By order a devout Carthusian) had,
 Whose voyce, hee hop't, with joy their loves should
 But he a slave in Raddle vesture clad, (crown.
 And a rag'd *Mirget* seeing, started back,
 Bidding his knaveship to some other pack.

He would have no commerce with such as he,
 He had no Ewes, whose backes did want his raddle,
 And if he over-sawcie needs would be,
 With a good bat he would his gaskins swaddle.

The Provost Marshall else, if this does faile,
 Shall shew you lodging in the whip-stock jayle.

This

144 *The pleasing Historie*

This language sounded in *Bellama's* eares,
 Like the sad voyce of death, yet feare no slaughter,
 To joy straight chang'd shall be this scean of teares,
 And stead of griefe, the child of pleasure, laughter,
 My promise stands unshak't, for this short anger
 Brings not their loves nor safeties unto danger.

Sir, quoth *Albino*, there was once a time,
 When you esteem'd those winged minutes sainted
 You spent with me (when Fortune was in prime)
 For you and I have better been acquainted,
 Though some disasters, and stern Fate have made
 Me take this homely garbe, and homelier trade.

Some blood which in your azure chanelz glide,
 Dwels in my veines, I am *Albino* hight,
 And lest you think this smels too much of pride,
 View this triangle on my able right.

That sight unto rejoycings beat alarmes,
 His kinsman then enspear'd him in his armes.

So led them both under his arched roofe,
 Breathing kinde welcomes from his courteous lips,
 Excus'd his ignorance, and sharp reprooфе,
 Ask't what misfortune did his worth eclipse?
 Demanding how coy Fortune dealt with him?
 And who she was, that was so passing trim?

Unlesse high heavens do forbid the bane,
 This mayd shall be my bride, though homely drest,
 Cloathes oftentimes the purest beauty staine,
 And *Venus* most uncloath'd, is cloathed best.

Under this roofe of ragges *Bellama* dwels,
 Franght with diviner worth than nature spels.

Hymen

Hymen enrich your wishes with content,
As benigne heaven has enriched your face
With naturcs glory, beauties orient,
Sayes the Carthusian with a comely grace,
Thrice welcome, welcome, for your lovely grace
Will adde a lustre to my homely place,

Sir, my endevours shall be wholly spent
Henceforth, quoth she, to recompence your ayre;
This is no time (orsooth) to complement,
Prythee adjourne thy words of courtship (faire)
For till our hands be joyned as well as hearts,
I feare(quoth he) supplanting envies darts.

Good Cozen, ere the next dayes sunne be rold
Th' *Apogæum*, our Meridian poynt,
Favour our wishes with the have and hold,
Tye us so fast, fate may not us dis-joynt.
Foreenvie like a snake does crawl about,
And winds her tayle in where she holes her snout

Omit no nuptiall rites, with holy oyle
Let her anoynt the posts with virgine hand,
To *Ianus* consecrate the weathers spoyle,
And to those gods which for our house-holds stand,
Procure horne torches to be borne along,
And cry *Thalassus* with a bridall song.

Provide me store of nuts to throw about,
With a full hand unto the gaping boyes,
That from the tumults of the struggling rout,
All voyces may be damp't, that speak not joyes,
Over us two, let the same *Flamine* fall,
And let the wheaten cake consummate all.

Nor

Nor will we manumisfe these robes of state,
 Within whose walles bleſt safety onely dwelles,
 Lest our knowne faces and apparrell prate
 In lowder eccho's than the marriage belles.

Then ſay (faire Lady) trut̄ I doe not ſcere,
 Will you be wedded to a ſcarleteere?

Quoth ſhe (with bluſhes carpetting her cheeke)
 And is that queſtion (prythee) yet to aske?
 Your worth does merit the unequald Greeke,
 Without Nun-penance, or *Alcides* taske.

Then pray you (in trut̄ it is no gull)

Will you be married to a Tinkers trall?

Thus ſleep and mirth did cut the night, and e're
 The ſovereignty was tane from *Cynthia*'s horne,
 When at Eaſts caſement newly did appeare
 The orient brightneſſe of the riſing morne,
Albino rose, and to the Church did hafe,
 T'un-Nun *Bellama*, and un-gird her waste.

When the Carthusians voyce had crownd their amors
 With an affurance of *Thalassian* joyes,
 The ayre was thinned with the joyfull clamors
 (Not of ſtate-fattens) but of Grammar boyes,
 And our fresh ſponsans in that height of mirth.
 To every pleasure gave an eaſie birth.

Now are they landed on the Ile of bliſſe,
 Where every joy courts their deſires with pleafure,
 Envie did then her ſnakie traine diſmiffle:
 For their eſpouſals did all ſweete entreaſure.
 Dead grief bequeath'd her ſtings to thorn & thifſle
 Nor durſt a ſigh within thofe borders whiſtle.

Then

Then, as Sea-merchants, when their reeling Gally,
Drunk with salt Neptune, hazardeth their breathes,
To calme bold tempest, and the Tidions valley,
Hack on the quiet shore their braced sheathes.

So did our Amorists, (hie wrakt with eye-men)
Devote their radd, e veste to Love and Hymen.

Some marrow-lancing eye perchance may quarrell,
'Cause with the bridall torch my muse expires,
And in lowd jeeres his towring voyce apparrell,
Taxing the faintnesse of my Metricke fires,
Because my lines tread not the common path
Of Fortune, issue, and appeasing wrath.

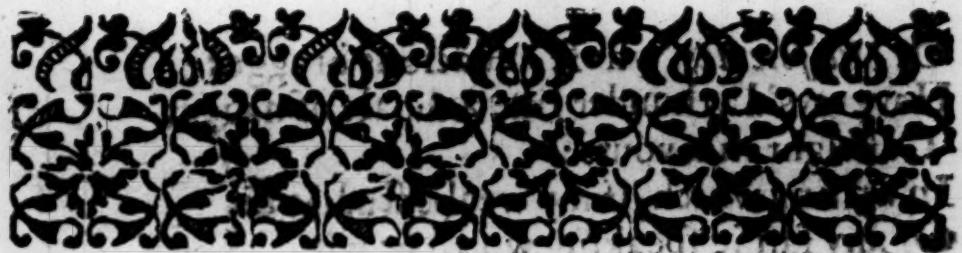
Perhaps I dare not lengthen out my story
With those events succeeding time begot,
Lest some disaster should eclypse their glory,
And the pure Ermins of their pleasures spot:
For having scru'd them into firme embracs,
I will not waken hate, or rouze disgraces.

Yet beauty (know) when vertue shines upon her,
And vertues (know) skin-perfections glosse 'em,
Awe Fortunes nath, and challenge heavens honour,
Hell cannor cancell them, nor envie drosse 'em.

Love, if to me the same content thou'l yeeld,
Ile limme thy mother on Minerva's Shield.

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TO THOSE WOR- THY HERO'S OF OVR

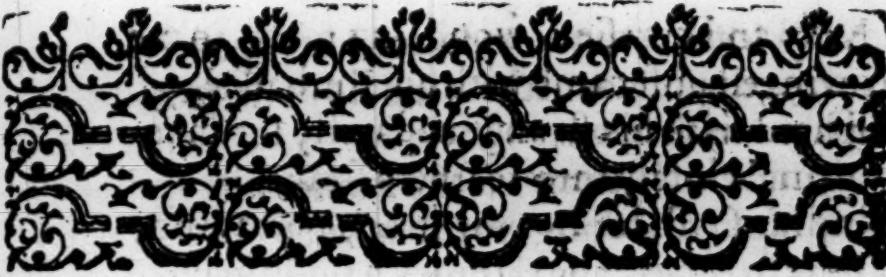
Age, whose noble Breasts are wee
and watred with the deaw of
Helicon, N.W. wisheth ever-
flourishing Laurels.

You noble Laureats, whose able Quills
In framing Odes, do dreaen the sacred rills
Of Aganippe dry, within whose breasts
The Syre of *Aesculapius* safely rests ;
And all the Muses Temple, daigne your rayes
To cheare the measures of an infant Bayes,
Spread forth the Banners of your worths to sheld
His yonger Muse, unable yet to weild
Armes, gainst the Monsters of this Critick age,
Envie, detraction, and Saturnine rage.
I to my selfe assume not double worth,
Or that my teeming phansie can bring forth
Words to make wonder stand amaz'd, doctryne
To vindicate the breath of Poesie.
In such a thought I'me silent, but because
I'ye heard invectives belched from the jawes

A Vindication

Of Nil-scientes, whose audacious bragges
Have rays'd a thunder like a shoale of dagges
T'affright eadevours:
In writing which, if my weake studies hit
Of any fankie speaking worth or wit,
If I have snatched any fainting Muse
From the black jawes of envie and abuse,
Shooting a soule into her, and new breath,
Maugre those tongues that doomed her to death.
Eccho forth thankes unto coy Daphnes lover
(About whose Fane the sacred Nine doe hover)
Whose kindnesse smild on my uncrusht designes,
And lockt a Muse in my unworthy lines
Able to blunt the darses of envie, pare
The sharpest hoofed Satyr, and with ayre
Shrill as the voyce of thunder, chide those gaules,
That belch forth scandals and invective bawles:
Nay, he, befriending me above my merit,
Unseen of any, heav'd my winged spirit
To a higher court than the Star-chamber is,
Where soules may surfet with immortall blisse.
And taught my phansie in those quiet slumbers,
What, waking, I have folded up in numbers,
To tell the brood of Critickes, that there are
Some few, or if not some, yet one, that dare
(Backed by your thrice-sacred worths) expose
These lines and letters to the ken of prof.

The bumble admirer of
your Muses N. W.



Il in sonio in sonná dado.

WHEN (in the silent age of sable night)
The silver way with Phœbes glimring light,
And her attendants was adornd, and when
Fast slumbers scald the eyes of drowsie men,
I entred Morpheus Court, that Iv'ry port,
Whereat benighted phantasies passe that sort
With reall good, sleepe was the Ianitor,
Who let me in without one crum of Ore,
Into the spacious hall, whose darksome flore,
With downiebeds and quilts was paved ore,
In stead of Marble stones: here nuzzled both
The hated spawne of idleness and sloth,
Icilon and Phantaso, the one
Wrapt in a mantle set with starres and stones,
Checkerd with flowres, and trimid with antick shapes,
Playing with children, feathets, flies and Apes,
Blowing up spittle bladders: and the other
Stretcht on the bosome of his quiet mother,
Folded in furres and feathers, would not stirre
To earne a penny, or to please you Sir

A Vindication

With cap and curtse : wondring much, to me
The winged post came with an Embassie,
I, strichted with his strange apparell, shrunke
Away, and closely into feathers sunke.
He smiling sayd, let not my strange arraying,
Kinde youth, beget amazement, or dismayng:
He show thee where in marshald order stray
Whole troopes of Laureats enspear'd with Bay,
Then spread his winged sailes, and caught my haire,
Without a sence of motion through the aire,
Conducting me, through where the Salamander
(If faith b'historlcall) does breath and wander,
Then throg h those glorious orbs, enricht with gems,
The palaces of seven Diadems.
Then throg h the firmament, where glitt ring spangs,
Like blazing Topazes, in Chrystal hangs,
Three stories higher was the Galupin
Where Love was frolick with his goddy kin;
Hither was I uplifted, then mine eye
Besprinkled was by nimble Mercurie,
With liquor, which with strength did me endue
T' abide the presence of th'immortall crue,
The whispring vaults I opened of my braine,
The counsels of the gods to entertaine,
And fearing memorie, with short-liv'd chalke,
(Wanting the tongue of paper) writ their talke;
The Patron of Parnassus and the nine,
To Love presented and the rest divine,
Their suices with comely grace and majestic.
But Phæbus was the Oratour; Loe I,
Thy daughters undertooke to patronize,
Great Emperour of the Christall spangled skies,

And

Of Poesie.

And shield their measures from the sullen rage
Of envious ignorance this Criticks age ;
(For none inveigh against Poetick measures,
But those that never had *Pandora's* treasures)
Yet such a shoale of ignorants I finde,
Tis thought the greater part oth' world is blinde,
That maugre all my scourges, in the dark
Against the Muses they will snarle and bark.
Let winged-sandald *Hermes* post to call
And summon them unto thy judgment Hall,
That you may know their rage is want of braines.
Hermes took post, and brought the silly traines,
Love wav'd his scepter, and commanded hush,
Then calles a gawdie peece of emptie plush,
Aud askt what hee could say 'gainst Poetry?
Hah, hah, quoth he, and fleer'd with blinking eye,
I have a mistresse (then begins a tale,
Which made *Love* call for some Nectarean Ale,
To arme his eares 'gainst non-sence, and his side
'Gainst laughters furie) has too much of pride,
Shee's faire, as is a wall new parg'd with lime,
Shee's wise enough; for age, shee's in her prime,
I vow her service, but shee flights me, why ?
Marry, I dave no veine in Poesie,
But what I take on trust, oth' second hand,
Shee jeeres and says, this cannot well be scand,
This has a foot too little, that too much,
This is a borrowd line, she knowes't byth' touch,
Tells me the double Indies shall not gaine
Her love, without the smirke, Poetick vaine,
Despairing I against the Muses rayle,
And wisht my hands had crusted been with flaile,

A Vindication

Then shouldest not I have needed Proxeē-verse,
I have wonne a milk-mayd, neither coy nor terse,
Tush, say I, Madam, this fameragged crue
Of frithming dizzards, are not worthy you.
Plato exil'd them from his common-weal,
Their tongues will flatter, and their fingers steale,
Meresycophants, that for a trencher-bit,
Will sweare y'are beautie mixt with purest wit.
And if you anger them, will in a rage
Vnsay't, and raile gainst you, your sex, and age.
Hundred invectives more, I often use
Against the Poet and his strumpet Muse;
But I protest, tis to disswade my Lady:
For had I wit, *Pbæbus* should be my Dady.
Then sacred sisters I emplore your Bayes,
Make me a Bard, and I'll descant your prayse.
No quoth the Muses *Helicon* nere brookes
I have servants which doe weare such simple lookes,
So sent him packing with a flea in's care.
Apollo cald another to appeare,
A feeble braine, that at a gen'rall dye
Had got the fable hue of infamie:
He buzzles like a bustard in a winde,
And with his aio's strikes the vulgar blinde,
In whom, if we beleve *Pythagoras*,
I thinke the soule of *Battus* housed was:
He is demanded why he thus does bawle
Gainst scaring wms, not worms that earthly crawle?
Clothing his face with impudence, his lookes
With pride; and with high selfe-conceit (his bookeſ,
So are his words, he speakes in print) why, why,
Have I not cause t'exclame on Poetic?

Of Poesie.

I'me a Divine, nor a fond pratling Poer,
I am a Preacher I would have you know it.
Peace arrogant, sayes *Hermes*, else Ile drive
Thee quick into the black infernall hive.
There was a time when thou admir'dst with praise
Each sprig of Lawrell, slip of youthfull Bayes.
But Envie's master now, or th' cause of it
Is, thou nere hop'st t'attaine that height of wit.
Bur say the truth, (ye^t truth will scarce abide thee)
Are there not some that jeere and doe deride thee
In lofty measures, and thou wanting skill
To vindicate thy credit by thy quill?
Do'st scold? Quoth he, I doe acknowledge it,
I blam'd the Muses, 'cause I wanted wit,
And darted scandals at *Apollo*'s Lyre,
Yet pardon, mightie *Æsculapius* Syre,
And yee blest goddesses, my grand offence,
And on your Altars Ile burne frankincense.
Nay, build rich Trophies unto Poetic.
Tis good to see a convert minde, stand by
Apollo sayd; sayes *Vulcan* by the Masse,
I have espyd a plumpe-cheekt bonnie lasse,
She is a wrig I warrant, where's my wife?
Oh! tis a hell to live a coupled life.
Thus did the Black-smith mutter, till *Apollo*
Cited the damsell with a gentle hollo.
Up comes the *Margit* with a mincing pace,
A Citie-stride, Court-garbe, and smirking face,
So curtsey'd to the gods, yet twas but short.
Then sayes *Apollo*, (meaning to make sport)
What occupation use you, Art or Trade?
Are you a Virgine? Yes, a chamber-mayd

A Vindication

Forsooth I am, I have my virgine seale,
To honest Vulcan I dare mak' m'appeale,
Heel pawne his head, had I kept Venus roome,
Mars had not dub'd him with *Actæons* doome.
A merry wench in faith sayes *Love*: yet stay,
To serious parle let's fall from wanton play,
You are accus'd, as one that does condemne
And boldly scoffe the Laurell Diadem.
I once, quoth she, admir'd them all, untill
I found my prayse returnd but traffiquz ill:
For when I prais'd, they praysed me againe,
So I had onely prayses for my paine.
Then wittily I oftentimes would flout,
And say the Poets was a needie rout:
Of all professions sure it was the worst,
Just like the Cockatrice, ith' shell accurst,
With many more, yet though our tongues did jarre,
Our quarrell ended in a lippy warre.
We kist, to friendship like the nurse and child,
And there she stopt: whereat the heavens smilde.
Then came a Serving-man, a blunt old knave,
That dar'd *Parnassus* with a sawcie brave,
Ia youth sayes he, I rim'd, and framed notes
To Pans choyce musicke, & the sheepheards throats,
And many a lusty bowle of creame have got
For Kates threes brace of rimes, which was God wot,
But once remov'd from prose, and for a song
The iron-hoofed Hobs' bout me did throng,
But now old age my wit and fancie nips,
I gagle the Muses with satyrick quips,
Yet might I with the Eagle cast my Bill,
And gaine my youth, I would regaine my skill.

This

Of Poēsie.

This done, the Pursevant Apollo posts
T'Elizium, to call the Poets ghosts,
That payd th' infernall Ferry man his fee;
There saw I Homer, but he saw not mee,
Lascivious Ovid, and Virgilius grave,
Satyrick Juvenal, and Martial brave,
Splay-footed Plautus, limping Ennius,
Propertius, Horace, and Boethius.
Amongst the Modernes came the Fairy Queenes,
Old Geffrey, Sidney, Drayton, Randolph, Greene,
The double Beaumonde, Drummond, Browne,
Each had his chaplet, and his Ivie crowne.
How rested yee amidst those gloomie shades?
Sayes Jupiter? see yee not other trades
Learnings and Sciences have constant springs,
Summers and Autumnes without winterings?
They l have no hail-stormes, fleezie rain, nor frost,
They'r kin to rimes: wister must not be lost:
A pregnant witted Bard did silence breake,
Homer twas not, hee could not see to speake..
Virgil it was not, he had got a wrench,
Nor B. nor M. for they had got a wench.
Ennius was lame, and much did feare his shins,
Horace was basie with the kilderkins.
Ovid employd with his beloved Flea,
Old Geffrey's language was not fit for plea:
Drayton on's brains a new Moen Calfe was getting,
And testie Drummond could not speake for fretting.
I knew the Roscians feature, not his name,
Yet tis engraven on the Shaulme of Fame;
With settled grace he boldly did advance
Father of gods, king of the large expansse..

A vindication

We oft have heard proud Envie belching forth
Fogs, mists and fumes, t'clipse the metrick worth,
And know the teeming world did never nurse
So great a mischiefe as the Criticke curse :
Our soules one minute have not rested quiet,
Since carpes we know was *Ignoramus* diet.
If Wisedomes *Fæcial* call to the sand,
We have revenge, our standish is at hand.
That rights our wrongs, but gainst *Don Sillies* railed
The fist is heav'd, for paper nought availes :
We sat in counsell, did intend to sue
With a petition to this noble crue,
The substance this, that ye would either give
Wit and discretion unto all that live,
Or make them Ideots,depriv'd of reason,
Else but to speake, let it be counted treason.
But we appeal, great gods, tis now my theame,
To cleare from mud pure *Aganippa's* streame :
Assist *Pierides*, maintaine your fires
With greater care than can the Vestals theirs,
Tis merely losse of time and papet both,
By refutation to chastise their sloth.
Then I the juice of *Helicon* will sup,
Not in nut-shell, but *Colocassian* cup,
Shall make my phansie catch at nought but gems,
And wreath the Muses browes with diadems.
Me thinkes this draught such vertue does infuse,
As if in every fence there dwelt a Muse,
A spirit of valour, to un-god great warre,
Should he but send a rapme ; but to the barre,
Who knowes not *Vaticinium* does imply
In equall measures verse and prophēcie.

Of Poesie.

'An inspiration, a celestiall touch,
Such is the Poets raptures, Prophets such;
Vates a Bard, and him that does presage,
Vaticinor possest with either rage.
Poema is a booke in numbers fram'd,
Fast cemented with sence, by working nam'd,
To which the choycest Oratour stands bare,
Poesies does in a sublimer aire,
Things humane and divine expose to view.
The first Philosophie that Fame ere knew,
Was honourd with the name of Poetrie,
Enricht with rules of pure moralitie.
Reading instructions unto heathen men,
With more contentment than the Stoicks pen,
The ancients unto Poets onely gave
The Epithites of wise, divine and grave,
Because their meeters taught the world to know,
To whom they did their holy worship owe.
The Greeke is free and kinder in her praise
Which she bestowes upon Poetick Layes,
She calles all that which takes not esse by
A matter pre-existent, Poesie.
So makes the world a Poem, and by this
The great creator a great Poet is.
Nay more, that language on the Nine bestowes,
(As ev'ry callent of that Idiom knowes),
In her etimologues an higher grace,
Calles them *ταῦτα σύνταξες*, and whose measures trace
The steps of Nature, humane and divine,
The abstruse mysteries of both untwine,
Unlock the entra of each Science, Art,
By cunning search; againe, not as a pare.

Nor

A Vindication

Nor a grand columne onely, but entwaines
The soule of learning in the Poets measures,
All other Arts (which use and learning gave)
Precepts and rules, as sure foundations, have,
When as the Poets pen alone's enspir'd
With high Enthusiasmes, by heaven fir'd,
Ennius them holy calles, and *Plato* sayes,
Furies divine are in the Poets layes;
Nor wanted he himselfe the Poets wit,
He *Dithyrambos* and love passions writ.
The Regall Prophet was a true borne Poet,
As to the life his well-tun'd meeters show it,
Compos'd to musick by that holy man,
Ere Hopkins and *Sternbold* knew how to scan.
Hence Chicken-Augures with your crooked staves,
Whose rash conjectures crowne and dig us graves.
A lostie fansie steeped in the fount
Of *Pegasus*, an higher pitch can mount.
Sibylline Oracles did speake in verse,
Their scatterd leaves in measures did rehearse
The mysteries of mans redemption, by
The incarnation of a deitie.
Grave *Maro*, Tremember, in an Ode,
An Eclogue, treads the same Prophetick rode.
Those famous *Druides* renound of late,
Treated at large oth' soules immortall state.
Mans spirit does not to the gloomie shade.
Of *Erebus*, ore black *Cocytus* wade.
Death sets no period, is the lesser part
Of humane life, for the same breath does dart
Vigor to every sinew in the bulke.
Man lives as freely in another hulke,

Who

Of Poetrie.

Who readeth Ovid's Metamorphosis,
And thinkes not Moses soule was sheathed in
His body, by a transmigration?
He from the chaos tells the worlds plantation.
Mars accords, and gives the world a soule,
Which does this well-compacted lumpe controule?
And by illumination he discoverd
How then the spirit ore the water hoverd.
Th'inspired pen of old Pythagoras
By Nasos guide, relates, how in this masse
All things doe alter shape, yet soone Dame Nature
Of one forme lost, informes another feature,
No substance's nothinged in this large globe,
But gaist some feast puts on a newer robe.
The earth resolv'd to water, rarefies,
Int' pure aire the thinner water flies,
The purer aire assumes a scorching heate:
They backreturning, orderly retreat,
Those subtle sparkes converted are to breath,
The spissye aire, being doomed unto death,
Turnes into sea, earth's made a thickned water.
Thus wily Nature is a strange translater.
My Lady Readers, I refer to sands,
But the grave learned unto Ovids hands.
Nor Seneca divine wants prophesies,
Neare to the death of time an age shall rise,
In which, sayes he, the Ocean shall untye
The watry bands of things, and to the eye
Of Typhis, a new world appeare.
Unheard before, by the most itching eare,
In glory matching this. Then Thule no more
Shall be th'earths ne plus ultra, bound or dore,

By

A Vindication

Our eightsithundred wold large heaps of treasures
Set in their wits to buy Zorastus measures.
Masse-priests for Dirges then would loose their fee,
These wold the surest *de profundis* be.
Shopsters and gallants to his house would hop,
More than t' Exchanges, or Canary-shop.
And Poets briske would have a larger dealth
Than holy Confessours, of dead mens wealth.
I might be infinite, should I but show
For what grave Arts the world to Poets owe.
Apelles had not been without *Parnasse*,
The pensils worth had onely dwelt on glasse,
Or dusty tablets, guided by those Apes,
In imitation of some antick shapes.
Venus a portraict had, *Pigmalion* mist
That speechlesse female which he hugd and kist,
Had not th'enlivening breath of Poetic
T'a higher pitch reard up dull phantasie.
How quickly worthy acts of famous men,
Dy'd in the waine of our poetick pen?
How rudely by the Monkes (which onely had
The key of learning) were their actions clad,
King *Ethelbert's* clos'd in his *Poliander*, (*Meander*
To Christ for Church buildings, he's gone without
Such stiffe the tombes of *Bede* and *Petrarch* have,
The razor from all Monkey pates did shave
Wit with their haire, except in *Mantuan*
Re-teind by *Vida* and *Politian*,
And many others was this glorious Sun
Which glitter shall till earths last thread be span,
We raiſe ſhall Obeliskes by *Apollos* breath,
Which owe no homage to the rage of death.

How

Of Poesie.

By pen *Hantetus* creatures limb'd to life,
Better than could the *Cynicke* with his knife.
Pliny compared unto him, did erre,
He was a *Chymick* and *Cosmographer*.
How bravely does the Scottish Bard depinge
The planets order, and the Sphericke hinges.
Brave Petrarch, Latin'd by our learned clarke,
Lights us a lampe to guide us in this darke
Aad critick age, sayes, that stout *Alexander*,
(Whose warlike steps ore all this globe did wander).
Fixing on braye *Pelides* tombe his eye,
Wrapt with a noble envie, lowd did cry,
Happy, O happy thou, whose actions still
Live, being enbreath'd by the immortall quill,
Of worthy *Homer* nay, when his sword had gaignd
Those wealthy realmes, ore which *Darius* raigned.
He mongst his treasures found a casket faire,
So set with gold and gems, it rayd the aire,
And cald in day despight of clowds or nights,
Yet the best use (as grave *Ratricius* writes).
This cabinet could serve to, was t'entombe
Homers choyce *Iliads* in his glorious wombe!
Of *Zoarastus* now some wonders heare,
And barrell his disciples in thine eare, (tongue,
Whose rithmes could charme foule *Cerbers* bawling
And pickhels lock with his iachanting song.
From *Stygian* shade conducting whom they listed,
And whom they pleas'd with hellish fogs bemisted,
Oh golden meeters, rimes out-worthing gold,
At what high prices would they now be sold
If they were extant! Friend for friend world sell
Lordships, bookees, banners, to redēme from hell

One

A Vindication

How many ages has those Greekes surviv'd,
(Than all their predecessors longet liv'd)
Which shewd their noble worths at *Iliums* grave?
Yet thrice *Nesorean* age them Homer gave:
How bravely *Lucan* tels succeeding ages
The seven-hilled cities bloody rages.
Moyst clowdes long since, have washt the purpled
Yet red as ever'tis in *Lucans* glasse. grasse,
To *Carthage* Queene the wandring *Trojan* Prince
Pretended love, but deadit is long since,
And dust are they, yet *Virgils* loftie verse
Makes him speak wars, she love, from under th'herse.
Long since did *Hellespont* gulpe in *Leander*,
When he presum'd on naked breast to wander.
Hero's watch-candle's out, they vanisht quite,
Yet *Ovid* fayes, all was but yester-night.
A great while since the cheating Miller stole
The Schollers meale by a quadruple tole,
They gave him th' horn-booke, taught his daughter
Yet lookin *Chaucer*, done the other week. (Greek
I'rne-sinewd *Talus* with his steely flaile,
Long since ith' right of justice did prevaile
Vnder the Scepter of the Fairy Queene,
Yet *Spencers* loftie measures makes it green.
Dun was a Poet, and a grave Divine,
Highly esteemed for the sacred Nine,
That after times shall say whilst theres a Sun,
This Verse, this Sermon was compos'd by *Dun*.
What by heroick acts to man accrues,
When grisely *Charon* for his waftage sues,
If his great grand-child e, and his grand-childe son,
May not the honours, which his sword hath won.

Read

Of Poesie.

Read, grav'd on paper by a Poets pen,
When marble monuments are dust, and when
Time has eat off his paint, and letterd gold,
For verse alone kecpes honour out oth' mold.
The presse successively gives birth to verse :
Shall steely Tombes out-live the Buckram herse ?
To otherthings the same proportion hold,
Pure rimes, which loftie volumes doe enfold.
Aut umnall frosts would nip the double Rose,
If cherisht onely by the breath of Prose.
Beautie of beautie's not the smallest part,
Which is bestowed by our liberall Art.
Orpheus, Arion, and the scraping crue,
To wyre and parched guts may bid adiew,
Or audience beg, wer't not for sprightfull Bayes,
Which to the strings compositeth merry Layes,
But with the Muses I'me so falm in love,
That I forget thy presence, mightie *Love*,
And through the spacious universe doe walke,
Bur this shall set a period to my talke.
Love stretcht his Scepter then with frolick grace,
And joy triumphed on the heavens face,
The Orbes made Musick, and the Planets danced,
The Muses glory was by all enhanced :
Love then intended for to ratifie
Decrees in the behoofe of Poesie,
Giving the Bards his hand to kisse, and made
Chaplets of Lawrel, which should never fade.
But *Vulcan* to Gradive plac't in oppose,
Was nodding fast, and bellowing through the nose,
His armed brow fell downe, and lighting right,
His antlers did the marching god unsight.

Mars

A Vindication

Mars fum'd, the gods laught out, the sphears did shake
At which shrill noyse I starting did awake,
And looking up, (East having op't his dores)
Amazed I beheld a troope of scores, (found
And wondring, thought they'd been Ale-debis, but
I them had chalked in my dreaming swound.
I trow not the decree, 'twas *Vulcans* fault,
Yet dreames are seldome sound, like him they halt.
Take this, and if I can so happy be,
Ile write in my next slumbers, the Decree;

F I N I S.

Gentle Reader, heare with some faults, which
through the obscuritie of the copie, and the ab-
sence of the Authour have escaped; as page 3. line
24. for veyne read reyne. p. 3. l. 6. for enjoyd read
enjayld, p. 6. l. 10. for tener read knee. p. 12. l. 24.
for Satamit read Catamite. Two staves there are
misplaced, to the reforming whereof the sence will
direct thee: what other errours thou findest, let thy
pen amend, excusing the presse, and un-staining
the Author.